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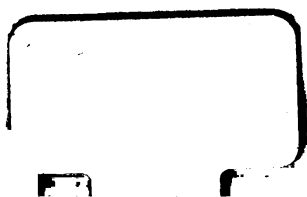
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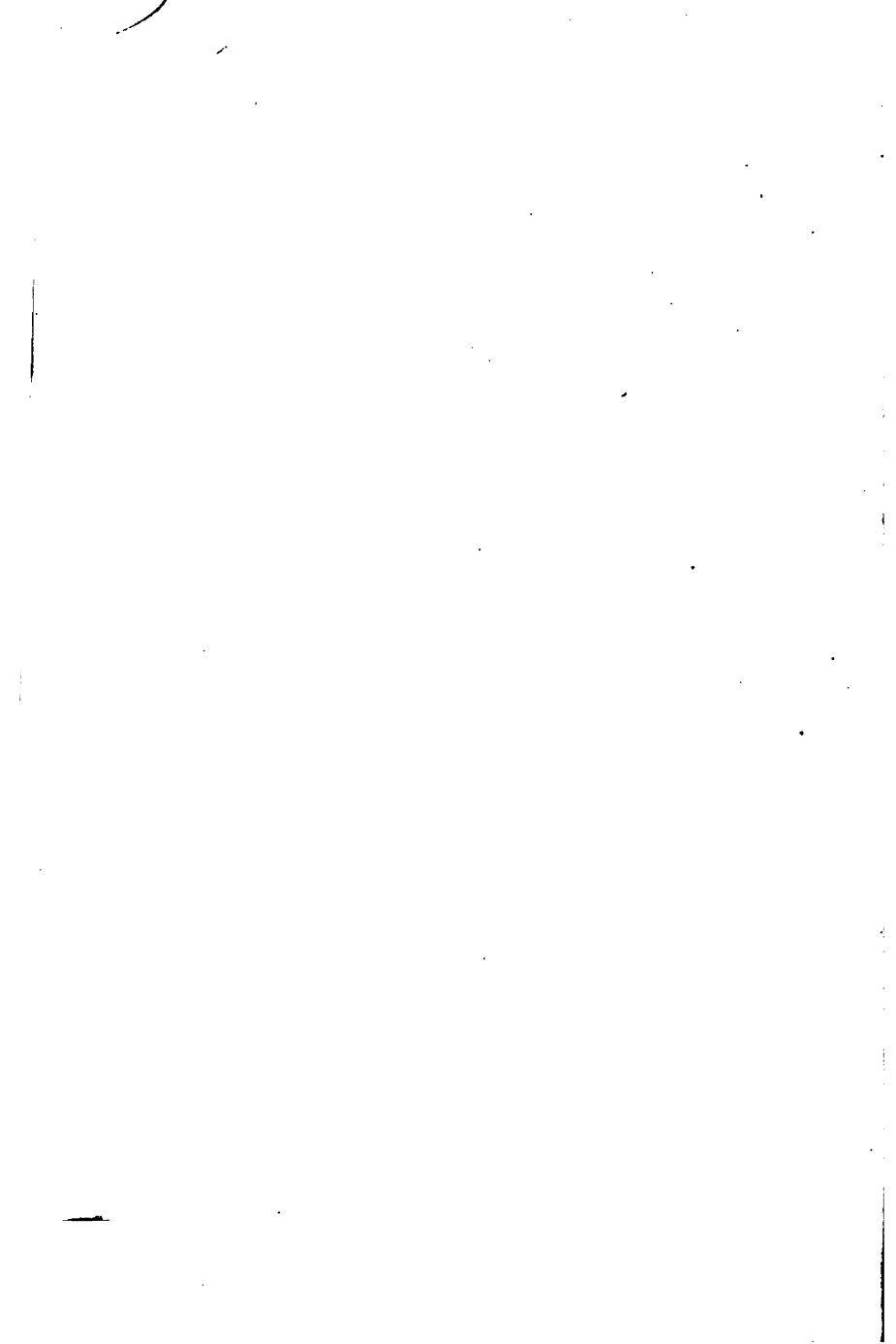
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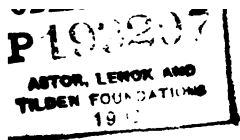
bury," "The Modern Blessing, Fire," "Robe
Fleming's Christmas Mummary," "The War
Wreck," "Prophet of Peace," and many
other short stories and poems



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To My Little Grandniece
ELIZABETH JOANNA COOLIDGE
This little story is dedicated
By her Grandaunt
ASENATH CARVER COOLIDGE

mother, why were the walls built so high?"
the boy's Pythagorean quiz.
they dream that the babes would tumble out?
gee-hee! gee-ho and gee-whizz!"

no! my son, but they surely feared
the grown-ups would come tumbling in.
is the age of mad doings and dreams—
insane Fourths' and devilish din."

one Fourth! O, mother what did they do
make it insane?—our nation's day—
its music and candies and creams
t could they do; tell me quick, I pray!"

one here, my son, read the lesson in stone
the pillars and arch of the gate.
the gods stand there each side of the throne
the '*The Innocents*' frolic and wait."

mother dear! what a terrible fiend
Moloch was; and, O, what a sight
not see him fling his victims in;
he maimed them not, he killed outright.

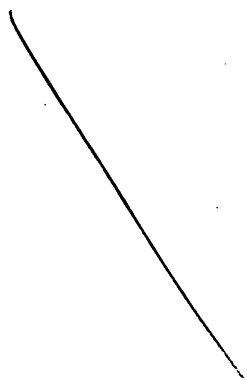
while the god of greed—the treacherous brute
professes to be a good god
into the little outstretched hands
deadly pistol and dynamite rod!

mother, how Lucifer must have smiled
when he called them angels and elves!
when he swore he never would hurt a child
he sold children things to hurt themselves!"

The gracious lady, so rich and rare,
Spent the *gold* of her purse and the *love* of her heart
To place four guardian angels there."

ASENATH CARVER COOLI

Watertown, N. Y.
June, 1908



PART I.

"IT IS MORE BLESSED TO GIVE THAN TO RECE

SAY, Debby, what do you expect to receive for Christmas presents?" Jerry to his sister, who was two his senior.

"I don't expect to receive. That isn't what I'm thinking about," said Debby.

"Whew!" exclaimed Jerry, of course you had a dozen last year, almost as many as I did. What in creation makes you think you have any this?"

"I'm older'n I was last year," said Debby, straightening up in a dignified way; "and folks get older they make presents to others. I don't think 'bout what they're going to get at my time."

"Then I don't want to grow old," said Jerry. "Not 'till I've got a lot more things than I've got now. I don't want to make presents. You see, I have to draw on my bank, and then I should be 'dead broke' as the coachman says."

"Jerry, don't you know what we had on our Sunday school cards last week?"

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"Yes," said Jerry, scratching his head, "but I can't fetch it just now. It was somethin' 'bout Christmas wasn't it?"

"No, Jerry, no. It said, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

"Don't know 'bout that, sis, an' I don't 'member things I don't know 'bout."

"Wy' Jerry! they took that out of the Bible, so of course it's true."

"Guess they didn't mean little boys like me, if they did any kind o' boys."

"Of course they mean boys as well as girls," said Debby firmly, "but say, Jerry, I thought you didn't like to be called little any more and you've just called yourself little."

"No sir, I don't, if I'm playing soldier at the head of my regiment," said Jerry, stiffening up into a military attitude, "an' pop 'ud go my gun at the first little imp that 'ud durst call me little; and I've got the stuff for my gun. I bought it with my jack-knife."

"O Jerry, that would be awful to shoot at a little fellow for calling you what you look like. You might put his eyes out or kill him," said Debby, turning pale, "and then I don't know what they'd do to you. 'Twould be almost worse than throwin' fire-crackers under a horse's heels and makin' it throw a poor woman out and break her arm all to pieces, as you did three Fourth o' July's ago."

was a real sweet little woman and her daug was beautiful. I don't believe papa knows y^e got some powder. Don't you remember wh lot of money he paid to get the woman's arr mended up straight? Don't you remember the big tears rolled down Uncle Nat's ch when he was carrying her in? And how he her into his own beautiful rooms and he slep the hall bedroom? O dear, Jerry, you won't s anybody will you, if they do call you little y you go marchin'? I don't see as it's any w to be called little one time than another—I do

"Of course you don't," said Jerry, bristling "Silly girls, who don't want to fight or let cannons Fourth o' July, jes' as soon be c little as not. Say sis, I'd hate to be a girl, pizen. They can't 'mount to nothin', never. I allus hav' to be bossed. They can't get t Pres'dents or Gen'ral's or Adm'erls or nothin' I'd like to be. No sir! A boy'd be a great g if he'd want to be a girl."

This was a bluffer. Debby understood it enough but she was not inclined to think brother brutish or selfish; and she was too y^e to have anything more than a glimmering of

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principle involved; but it was a gleam in the right direction. So thought Uncle Nat who sat in the next room reading the morning papers. Uncle Nat was a bachelor but not so old or shut out but what he could listen to the children's talk and pick out kernels of wisdom now and then; but this time it had struck a more sensitive chord; or rather several chords. His first impulse was to take hold of that boy and give him a thorough shaking. The second was to take hold of the Fourth of July customs and straighten them out.

Jerry's family had supposed that the terrible consequences of his mad prank, alluded to by his sister, would be an object lesson sufficient to cure him of any further evils of the kind, but to make sure, they had emphasized it every year since, by refusing to let him have any of the explosives by which our national day is honored or—insulted; and now to hear him talk of buying powder, touching off Fourth o' July cannons, and shooting a boy for a fancied insult.

"Yes, it is true as gospel, what the sweet mother said," groaned Uncle Nat.

Every word came back to him with convincing power, although nearly four years had elapsed since their utterance. "The barbarous old customs are to blame more than the boy. As the Fourth of July is now celebrated, it is an object lesson in crime to the youth of the land. One such day is enough to upset all the Christly teachings

cent boy with dangerous explosives, his hands with matches, and pushes him into the street with permission to do his worst is looked upon as a man doing his patriotic duty. It is the new crop of the old barbarous custom of sacrificing children and lambs on the altar—anciently called ‘God’s Altar’—now called the ‘altar of countenance’. It is the spirit of Anti-Christ in full flame. It is the fiery fiend that leads to murder and war and unholy things!”

Then Rachel said in her sweet voice, “No more sermons to-day mother. Too much talking is not good for thee. Let me tell this young man how the day might be made lovely and nobody hurt. How the Doukhobor family we were with last summer thought it should be celebrated. They were going to Canada to teach their people—the Russian Quakers who refused to take lessons in killing their fellow men, and who petitioned the Czar to let them leave his realm on account of their persecutions there. I shouldn’t wonder if their killing would be the means of converting the Czar to peace principles,” she added naively.

But Uncle Nat had no clear remembrance

generously, according to the
the country is permitted to
or any other, when war and
sored. A rich sharper would
ning—would not have paid
er to the poor victims, but
not of this kind; neither
of his kind, for he recognized
as in all such injuries, there
of wrecked nerves to be taken
was the part of the cost of
that he had taken upon him-
er vowed to himself that he
s such injury could be prop-

d to do so, was a question
him now, with bitter force.
se for his mischievous deed,
, not only so far as the boy
had a sting in it for himself.
nown and he did know, that
ad an aversion to the pomp
he social world, akin to their
p and circumstance of war.”

ness was in the family blood. Jerry showed all sides and worst of all towards the mother. Jerry's uncle had shown it in his attitude to mother and daughter, to whom he should have charged his sacred obligation first of all and without hope of reward.

No wonder that his last evening with them stamped on his memory with fiery distinctness was a plan—a selfish scheme as he saw it now. Wiles which young innocent souls know not of had managed to get, even in the mother's presence, an expression of love from the daughter, more potent than words. Instead of a generous response, he clutched and gloated over it, as he gloated over his bank—receiving but not giving, seeking to add to his coveted store by ruthlessly snatching a kiss at parting.

Then came the beautiful dress, with the fan, necklace and invitation to the opera. He expected a scene. He feared it not. He had planned to have one—one worth having, ultimately. When it came, the victory would be his and he would pay all and receive all. Meanwhile he must satisfy himself. He must play the tyrant a little. He must take the delectable risk of stabbing tender hu-

nothing but his first simple
of poems, on the fly-leaf of
"It is more blessed to give

g Nathan Holbert had with
ldren went out. The bright
ore the conference ended. It
are apt to end; with clearer
ith no power to establish the
ity had gone by. From now
ing day, he would see the
re-lit face, with its crown of
en the hurt look, the gather-
ie sweet mother's sigh of dis-

fter their flight, had been
h resentment against—fate
reature usually made up of
s. He made himself believe
had taken a mean advant-
it in photographic phrase—
hen none at all should have

re clearly. He tempted Mis-
served the picturing he got.

mother to support? Money was pouring in every day from his large business, but they could not find it and he could do nothing for them.

What Nathan Holbert did do after exhausting himself with vain regrets was to rifle his pocket of all the change he had and put it into Debby's toy bank.

sents with.

'Who are you going to make presents to?' asked Uncle Nat, who was more interested than he seemed to show.

'O, I'm goin' to give all I have, every cent, to our little children who have to go into the dirty, snowy streets, without shoes and stockin's. I have to go into their hard beds cryin' for somethin' to eat.'

'Where do they live?' asked Uncle Nat.

'O, way down to the bottom of the city, in horrible, dark, nasty places, that arn't half good enough for a dog. Teacher says so.'

'O then it's your teacher that wants you to go, is it?' said Uncle Nat.

'No, no, I want to give my own self. Teacher told us about 'em when she gave us the cards; but I kept thinkin' and thinkin' and dreamin' and dreamin' 'bout it, 'til I couldn't help wantin' to go, and I told teacher so, and she said she'd take me with her to where they were, if mama would let me go, and mama will.'

'Now I'm going to see how much I've got in the bank,' added Debby. She climbed up in a

bank," said Debby, "Jerry is his own president; he says; but I'd rather have you. I don't want to be mine."

"O dear! what a lot of money I've got," claimed Debby, as the copper, silver and gold pieces of various values rolled out. "How did it ever happen to have so much? O I know some rich fairy has been down my bank's chimney."

"Will you spend all that, just for Christmas presents to poor children?" queried Uncle Nat.

"Yes I will and more too if I have it. I never could see any good in keepin' money in bank. Jerry loves his bank. He won't take a six cent out of it. But I don't see why anybody wants to keep money. It isn't pretty and if everybody kept it all shut up poor little children would starve to death."

"Yes, Debby, but if you hadn't kept yours so tight up, you'd have spent it for candy, and now you wouldn't have any to give to the poor."

"Yes that's so Uncle, I didn't think. I'm going to keep shut up 'til Christmas every year and then I'll always open. Dear! Dear! I wonder if I always have so much."

"Perhaps you'll have more than enough to go 'round, what will you do then?" asked Uncle Nat.

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"Let's me see," said Debby, knitting her brows over the problem, for the space of about half a minute, then she cried out in great glee: "Oh I tell you what I'll do Uncle, I'll give everything I have left, to the poor children *I know*, to give to the poor children *they know* so they can be just as happy as I am—cause you know it makes anybody so happy to give things—so much happier than to have things given to them; but they can't do it 'less they have something to give, can they, Uncle?"

Uncle Nat assured her they could not; and having tested her generosity, ceased to question her. After that he was her most helpful friend.

But the struggle with Jerry was a hard one. She had been taught to love her little brother, and divide all her goodies with him. As soon as the sharp little rascal found out how much money she had, and that she was going to spend it all for gifts, he classed it among the goodies and superfluities, and tried to make her give him half of it, to increase his bank stock. He said she "ought to be ashamed to waste so much on nasty children, who stole cakes out of the shop windows."

"I guess we'd be nasty too," said Debby, "if we hadn't anybody but mama to wash for us, and she was sick, or had to go out to work, or if we lived in a nasty place 'mong coal yards, horse stables and all sorts of black, nasty shops. If we all lived in one room with no closet to hang our

don't steal cakes for the fun of it, but because they're so hungry they can't help it; and I guess they don't wear poor, nasty clothes because they like 'em better'n good, clean ones."

"I know they don't, and I'm goin' to save every cent I can, to buy clothes and cakes for 'em; they won't have to go dirty and hungry all time, anyway."

As a last resort, Jerry (the budding banker or financier), got into a great rage and kicked and cried and tried to *make* his mother *make* Daddy give him part of her money; but his mother *was too wise* to indulge him in a selfishness so clearly or kickfully apparent. Besides she had long talk with brother Nat about the children and was better armed than ever against her small household tyrant. She had taken the gun and sly-bought powder from his store and when asked for them his lesson would be ready.

Uncle Nat hated shopping but finally consented to go with Debby and her teacher, Miss Dix, to buy the Christmas gifts. Debby assured him it would not be like other shopping and he was forced to confess that buying needful things for the poor was more to his mind than buying jewels and costly apparel for the rich, though he was no great

irritable and not only help the down-fallen feet but keep on helping as long as she is too tender for the rough places, over all such must go.

In the whirl of shopping it was inspiring just to see Debby and see how happy she was and amazed at the quantities of things they were getting with her money. Whole strings of mittens in various sizes and colors! O, how nice and warm they were! Whole boxes of red, blue and black stock-hankkerchiefs by the dozen with such curious patterns and embroidered letters—all the letters of the alphabet! Then the scarfs, O such scarfs and coats and jackets, as soft and fluffy as eider down almost! "O, it is more blessed to give—" Debby, too full of exclamation points to finish the sentence.

It was not until they began to buy for the sick and dying that Uncle Nat's sympathies were aroused; or, as Miss Dix put it, "those who never need any more clothes, nothing but band-aids, jellies and medicines."

"From what diseases do your poor suffer most?" asked Uncle Nat, after they were seated in the carriage which was to take them to his large residence house on the other side of the city.

working in a damp mine. Another has the 'bra workers' ague,' but the most pitiful is the poor boy who got his death stroke treading in a bleaching vat. Only think of it, Mr. Holbert, a tender-skinned creature, stripped and put into a cauldron of steaming poison, to do the work that a machine could do just as well!" exclaimed Mrs. Dix with tears, for woman-like she always cried when she thought of it; but she never saw a man shed tears over it until now. Yes, she was sure of it. The day was not cold enough to make Mr. Holbert's eyes look so filmy.

"There ought to be a law against such barbarity," said Mr. Holbert.

"Yes, there ought to be; but Government is too busy with foreign barbarisms to attend to those at home. Yes," she went on passionately, "too busy burning up millions in horrible wars, and battleships, foolish celebrations and monument-raising. Talk of heathens and their idols! We are making idols as fast as we can. Forsaking our *Ideals* and making idols—idols of the few and wrecks and papers of the many! Raising monuments all over the country! If we keep on at the present pace we shall soon have more monuments than men!

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big a surplus as Rome had in Pliny's time! Talk of American liberty, equality, fraternity and progression; with the present steering we are veering 'round to heathenism as fast as we can."

"O, I hope not, Miss Dix, something will avert. I feel sure of it now. Your *discouraging* words are so *encouraging*," said Mr. Holbert. "When an enthused woman like yourself sees the danger, humanity's hosts must be coming. Let the Americans alone for mastering the situation when once they get a clear idea of it."

"God grant," said Miss Dix, "but it will come too late for my poor sick ones."

"Will any of them ever get well?"

"O, yes, yes," replied Miss Dix, her voice still shaken with tears, at least they will live—some that had better die. The most dreadful case of this kind is my '*Fourth of July*' victim—a little boy terribly defaced and utterly blind. His father gave him a toy pistol and liberty to go in the streets and do as he chose with it. He was brought home with features torn and blackened beyond recognition. Never until I saw that sight, Mr. Holbert, did I fully realize the idiocy, the barbarity, the awful sin of celebrating our national day as we do. We have made it a day to be dreaded instead of revered. A fiery juggernaut to which more lives have been sacrificed than were lost in the war of the Revolution itself."

"O Uncle," cried Debby, "Jerry ought to hear

year anyhow."

"Can nothing more be done for him—not to repair the injury?" asked Uncle Nat, huskily.

"Nothing, I fear," replied Miss Dix. "Surgeons do wonderful things; but skilled surgery is very costly and it has to be very skillful when it comes to rebuilding the features. His sight cannot be restored. He might possibly be made dreadful to look at and would be, I suppose, if his father were a millionaire; but for him there is nothing except little comforts and amusements such as Debby suggests. To amuse him long time would be too much for most nerves. I thought though there's an artist on the top floor who spends almost every evening with him. They call her 'The Angel,' but I fear even an angel would have to be careful. I should caution her but she has a habit of flying up when I come."

The conversation was broken off by their arrival at the great wholesale house, where they were to order whole boxes of things suitable for the party. Debby was wild with delight when she found that she had enough money left to buy big packages of guava-jelly and beef extracts.

The next day was full of happy surprises for Debby. Boxes and bundles of all sorts and

... he began to think
n having a regiment of franc-
or to play at "*killing Span-*
iad become his favorite game
out of the Americo-Spanish
d on with a blood-thirsty vigor
Government example could in-
scious of having won his first
in this field, for he had fought
of the family by averring that
him to play "kill Spaniards,"
to play, "whip her doll baby."
re real babies to correct when
e expected to have to kill real
got to be a man, and he must
do it—an argument that could
cept by denouncing the whole
his family were neither Douk-
there seemed to be no better
matter aside, and steer as clear
the future.

him looking wistfully at her
e thought to tell him of the
injured himself so terribly with
stead, however, of expressing

to help give out the Christmas gifts, he was promptly denied—and furthermore reminded that he had not given his money nor any other evidence of being worthy of sharing the honor. When it further transpired that he was to be left alone nearly all day, with only the cook and Uncle Nat in the house, his heart was full of a species of vengeful wrath, which set him to studying up what he could do that they disliked, to make the time pass most agreeably to himself. The first thing he thought of were his gun and smuggled powder. His plan was soon made. He would play “the Spaniards,” as he had never played it before. He would put some powder in his gun. He would make believe the cat was his Spaniard, he would chase him into ambush—(that is, the closet in some corner) and then shoot him without mercy. Full of this mad plan he ran to get his gun and powder, but to his great surprise both were gone. His first impulse was to raise an outcry and get back the stolen goods, but Uncle Nat was the one and of all persons he was the one of whom he had a wholesome fear. He had also a vague idea of Uncle Nat’s attitude toward him—Uncle Nat would love him and wanted him to do right, who stood ready to help him, to save him from the brutish

many young men to early wreck or life-
now.

Uncle Nat's day for writing letters, and
riting a long one to an old college chum,
a genius for surgery, and was now on a
nspection to the European hospitals.

ote him about Miss Dix's "Fourth of July
hoping he might be able to do something
on his return. He said he would go to
oor fellow, but he was sure it was a case
ated nerves, such as he did not possess.
ot believe in enforced misery, and he won-
the time would ever come, when the use-
lents—the beastly human sacrifices would
ere are enough that can't be helped, with-
ng any that can. But there is no hope as
the adverse teaching goes on. No wonder
so much trouble with contrary children,
as the teachings are so contrary! Only
'it, dear Doc! At home and at church we
ht to be loving and forgiving. To speak
h and 'do no murder.' In the world we
ht to fight, to hate, to cheat, to ruin or
, if possible, all who cross our interests,
er all is the Government with its blood-
wars and judicial murders!"

ment house. Miss Dix met them at the foot of the landing and said in a hushed voice, as she led them into a poor but cheerful little room, "It's the garret I told you about." She motioned him to an arm chair under the skylight and disappeared. The doctor behind the partition that led to the sleeping room of the suite. It was only a garret but it had its pretensions. It was the tip-top story which boasts of having more space, more compartments than the lower stories for the same price, more quiet and purer air, better adapted to artists and brain-workers in search of light and seclusion. So said the sharp agent, the lady who came there with easel and palette boxes less than two months ago.

Only a garret, but it had an air of refinement about it, the touch of a delicate hand here and there, the sign of an artist's eye in the arrangement of bits of colored prints and draperies. Holbert felt it at once; and more than that he felt strangely at home sitting in the old arm chair with the sky light dropping down on his easel in front of him. It had an unfinished appearance on it, doubtless; but it was veiled and

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made it as safe from Mr. Holbert's eyes as tho' it had been under lock and key. To lift the veil would have seemed like a sacrilege to the creature lying so still and helpless in the next room. The next things that attracted his eye were the books, lying around in little packages ready for use, magazines opened and turned back, leaving marked articles on the outside. Here was a temptation for finding out the name of the tenant of these poor rooms; but it was no temptation to Nathan Holbert, who was almost inhuman in his lack of curiosity on such points. A human being was simply a human being to him and must be treated as such. He was here to help this poor creature, whoever it might be, and the name which might be found by rummaging through the books was of no account.

He lifted up his cloak and drew it around him, for he began to feel a little chilly from the prolonged sitting. As he did so another book was revealed which proved a revelation indeed; for on the fly-leaf, written in his own hand, were the words, "*It is more blessed to give than to receive.*"

No words could do justice to the fierce but wordless argument which ensued between the doctor and Nathan Holbert, just outside the patient's room. Suffice it to say, that the doctor had two interesting patients to attend that night. The next morning, however, found patient number two sufficiently recovered to listen to reason.

"O, I know I was all wrong doctor, but I couldn't help it."

"Certainly not. Temporary insanity. Very temporary, but very violent while it lasted. I'll give me for such rough insistence, but that beautiful woman's life depended on it. Don't ask any questions. I'll tell you all you ought to know. I found her at death's door. The least excitement might have sent her beyond. She is slightly improved this morning, but it will be many weeks before she is out of danger, and many months before she is fully recovered."

"Then she will recover, God bless you, Doctor."

"Yes, if that pesky tenement house can be kept decently quiet. I wouldn't take the risk of moving her."

"Tell me if I can do anything. Tell me quickly."

"That's just what you can do," said the doctor. "You can keep that whole place quiet and comfortable, I know you can, and I'm sure you ought. Miss Dix has paved the way but it would be too heavy a task for her alone, and come to think of it, it would be a shame to let her do it. Tomorrow will be a trying day down there, with feasting and drinking and merry-making."

In less than an hour, Nathan was at the tenement house, with a plan of campaign by which

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hoped to reduce the place to the quiet and sanitation of a first-class hospital. Miss Dix approved, and he went immediately about it. He not only called at every room and asked the tenants to be as quiet as possible, but he made it possible for every one to be quiet.

Soft soled shoes for every person—carpets and pads for the halls and stairs, and rugs for the rooms, were supplied and put in place as if by magic. A good Christmas dinner was ordered for the whole number at a large hotel near by, and those who could not go out, had it brought to them by velvet shod waiters. To each one was given a ticket for the theatre, opera or lecture. None were to be cheated out of their Christmas dinner or Christmas frolic. By such arrangements the establishment was not only relieved of noise and fiendish odors, but the poor mothers were relieved of a day's drudgery over the cook-stove and dish-pan. They really had time for once to "wash up," "dress up," and sit down to rest their tired hands on Christ's sweet day. All this, and yet Nathan insisted that it was no charity. He had asked great favors of them and he was simply trying to get even; and so the change, already made, continued day after day, and others were added until the poor tenement house had become a pleasant place to live in. Even the proprietor had been swept into the whirl of improvement and had done his rightful share.

and it is astonishing how much can be done in heavenly silence, if King Quietus once makes his mind to employ the necessary hands and materials. Soft rugs were pushed up even to every door where the patient lay, in what was by the people below stairs, "A long swell." Some went so far as to say, "She'll never come enough to know the loving things he's doing for her."

"It's a rare case I admit," said the doctor Nathan Holbert, "but she has a rare physical. The excessive stillness, broken only by excruciating quivering at sudden or unusual noises, tell the story. Miss Dix said she was dying of hunger but there's more than one kind of hunger you know. There's social hunger as well as physical. There may have been as much as one aggravating circumstance. Perhaps you can imagine what it would be to live in such a place as this, with no money to spend. With no society but the poor faced boy"—

"Good God!" burst out Nathan Holbert, "no more or I shall go crazy and throw up the windows."

"O, no you won't," said the doctor, smiling.

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what can we do for him?"
evening came.

ake a Fourth of July mis-
uld that do, dearie? I've got
rom a skilful surgeon friend

surgical friend abroad and bring him home."

"Yes," sighed Rachel, "but I'm so happy to be in the nest thou'st made so soft and cozy. I can't bear to leave it and the poor ones—so very poor, it makes me unhappy to think of them. Unhappy to think of having anything I can't divide with them."

"Tell me what I can do for them," said Nat, kissing away the tears. "I tried to do something but I'm a poor bungler. I might do better with your help."

"But it would take so much of that—dreadful—'root of all evil.'"

"I've got plenty of that, dearie; I had some burn after you left me, but now thank God for it. With your help I will try to turn it to something better than ashes. Only tell me *'when'* to begin. They are suffering! and I am"—

"O, how can I go away from this sweet place," pleaded Rachel.

"Then, suppose we delay a little. Suppose we get married right here."

She kissed him delightedly.

"Suppose again that we invite everybody in

Christmas vs. Fourth of July

house to the wedding and give each one a handsome wedding suit to wear."

"O Nathan, how good!"

"Suppose again, that we have the whole place sweetened and rectified—wreathed with roses and ferns—lighted with soft shining lanterns, with peace and love mottoes and furnished up about as it is here."

"You couldn't afford it, could you?"

"Yes dearie, *I* could; and then *we* could give them a luscious wedding supper at the big old hotel over on the corner. *We* could write their names all down in a book and *we* could see to it that none of them ever went ragged or hungry as long as we and ours have plenty and to spare.

Tremble not dearie. I am going to write to your mother early in the morning and ask her consent. She must come to the wedding and bring her Doukhobor friends. They must keep house for us while we are abroad and live with us forever after."

"O Nathan! Nathan! I must tell you something. Her Doukhobor friends would not come and I am sure she would not be willing to leave them. They are having a great struggle now with some of their class and they need her good cheer and wise counsel. They are in a strange land and they are a very strange people."

"Of course they are," laughed Nathan. "They

heard that some of them got so wrought up on the subject, that they deserted their fine and went off on a pilgrimage, "*to seek Jesus*" The Government didn't like that. It was like saying there was no Jesus in the English Government and perhaps it's partly true of the English as well as other Governments," added Nathan. "You see dear, I've been studying up the Ishobors during these four lonely years. Your words about them, set me to thinking and I know better of them than I did. They are so humane So tender toward every living thing!"

"Yes, Nathan, but they were so cruel to themselves and families. They turned their oxen and then harnessed their wives and daughters to their plows!—as tho' it would hurt great strong oxen to work."

"That *was* cruel dearie; and it was foolish to refuse to take the superfluous wool from the sheep's backs, to make themselves warm clothes; but I wonder if that was as bad as deserting families entirely and going off to kill men, slaughter whole herds of animals, burn cities and desolate neighboring countries, as so many of our military madmen do?"

Christmas vs. Fourth of July

"Truly not, Nathan; and it was not so bad to see them resist the military men that the Government sent to capture them and take them back to their homes, as it would have been to see them shooting and stoning them. They would not even curse or strike them. They chanted in a loud voice 'We go to seek Jesus.' They twisted their strong arms around each other and held their captors at bay for a long time and in a raging snow storm!"

"And you saw that sight dear! You heard 'the voice of their roaring' and thanked the Lord that it was not so awful as the roaring of cannon which we are obliged to hear so often on our national day."

"No! No! Nathan. I was simply frightened. I thought they were crazy. I was afraid to go near them; but mother pitied them and tried to quiet them. She said 'their action resulted from their hard, life-long struggle to do exactly right in a world that was always doing something wrong; but one young girl *did* go stark mad. She was beautiful. Her skin was as white as snow. Her eyes were purplish' blue like violets. She dressed herself in white and proclaimed herself to be '*the mother of Jesus.*'"

"What did your mother say of her?"

"She said she was consumptive and that nature might be pointing the way for her release from the Great White Plague. She trusted that tramp-

come here."

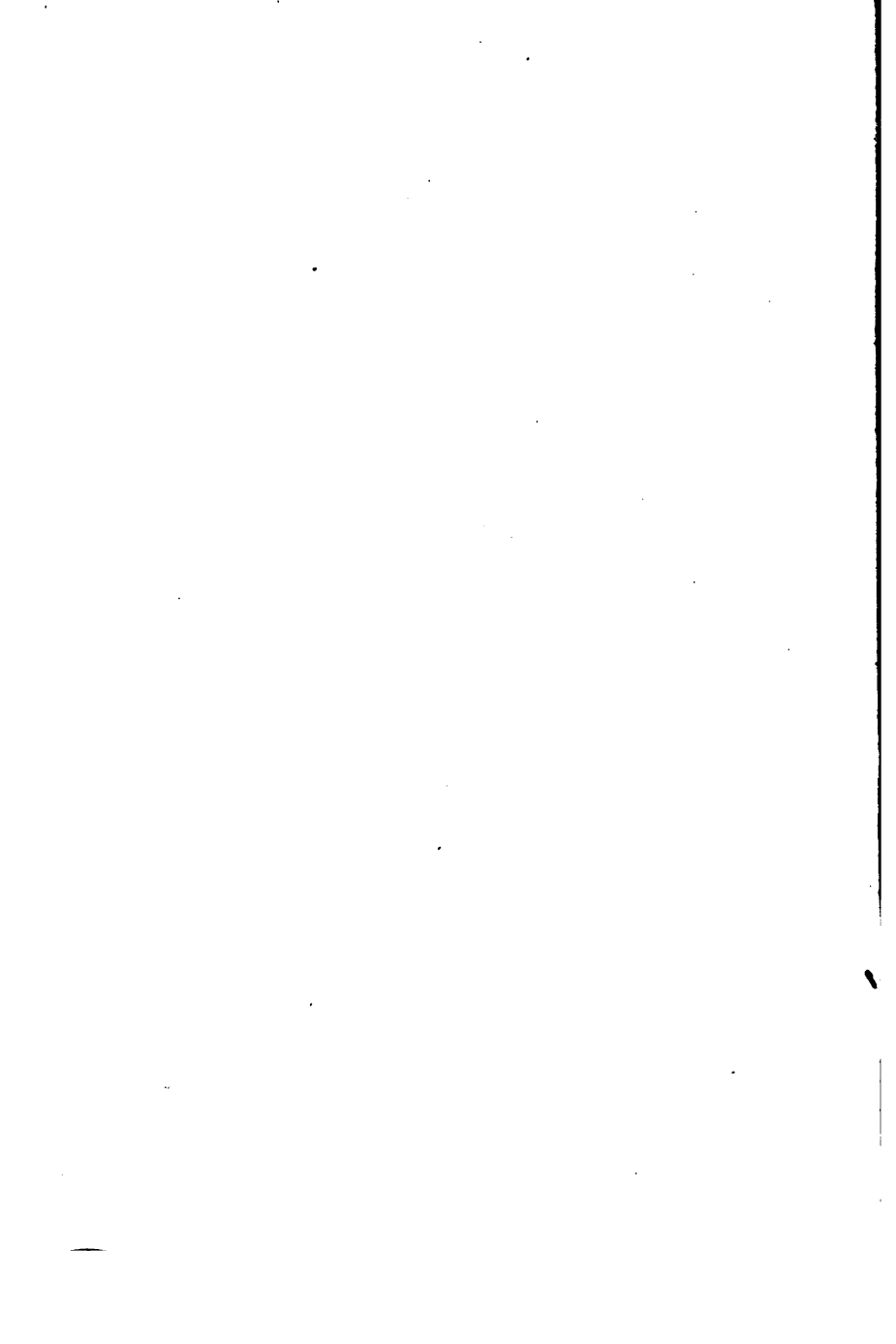
"And so you really wanted to come," broke Nathan, glowing with new found delight.

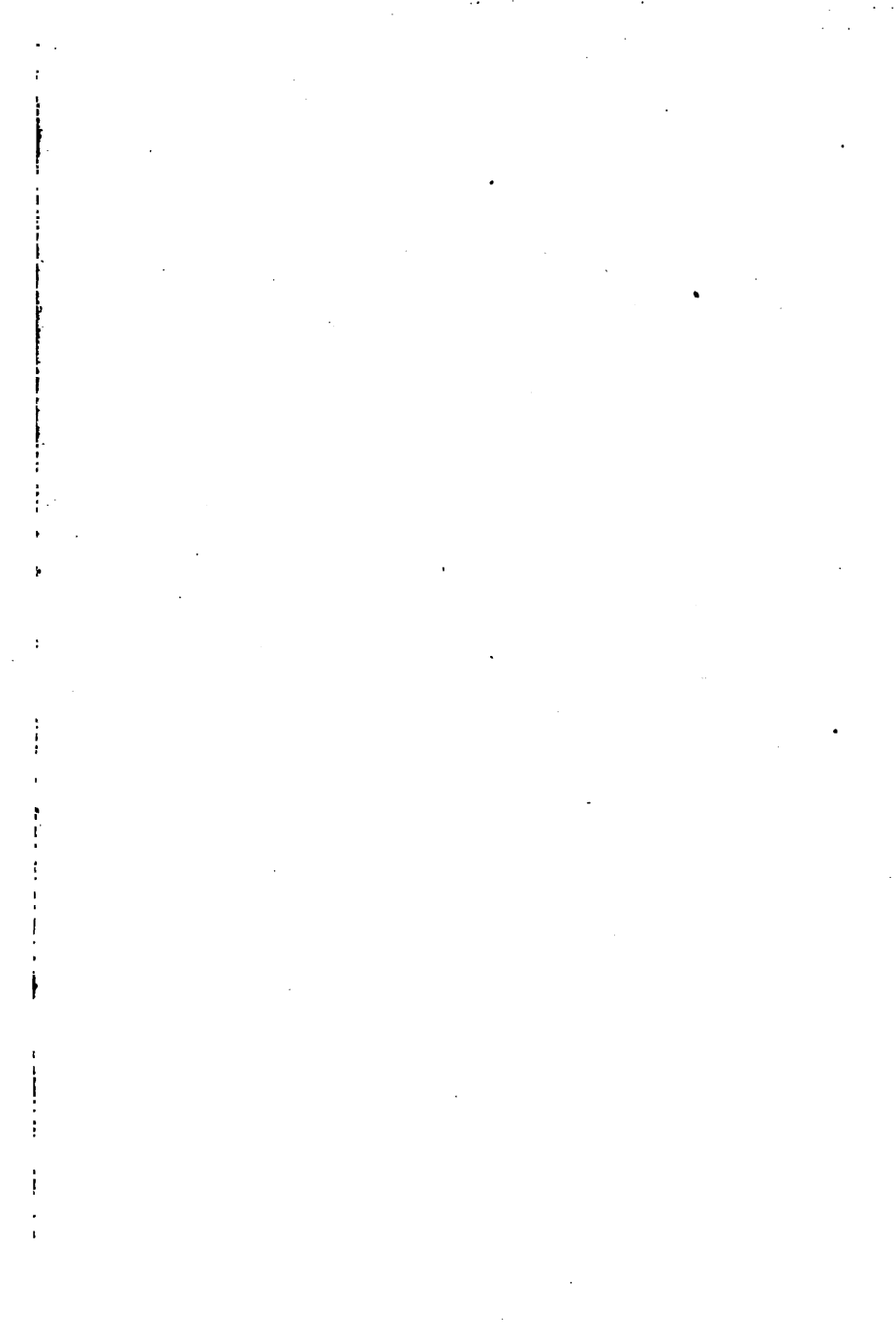
"O! I was dying to come, Nathan! and Mother saw it and gave her consent."

"*Blessed* mother! *Wise* mother! *Our* mother exclaimed Nathan. "How can I ever repay debt I owe her? The double debt of money gratitude! The debt of money I can and will with interest at once and I trust the gratification will be paid later on; but there is another debt you know what it is and to whom it is due. It will take a life time to pay it. It is the debt of

"Enough! Enough! cried Rachael, staying her omnipotent word with her sweet lips. Then he named the happy day for which he was planning when the Doukhobor matter intervened. It was just far enough off to make Nathan and Herbert's generous scheme of wedding preparations possible of fulfilment.

[THE END.]



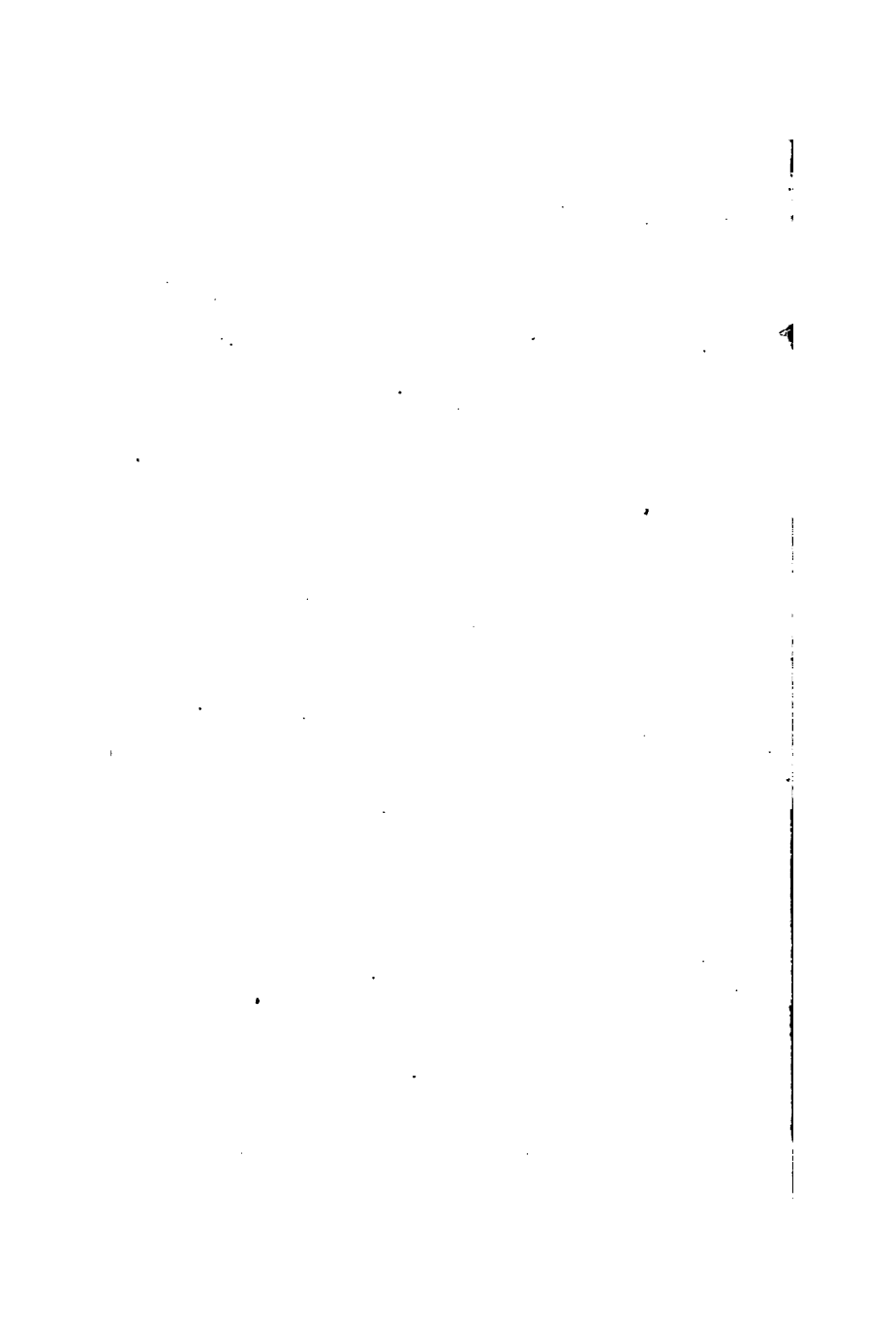


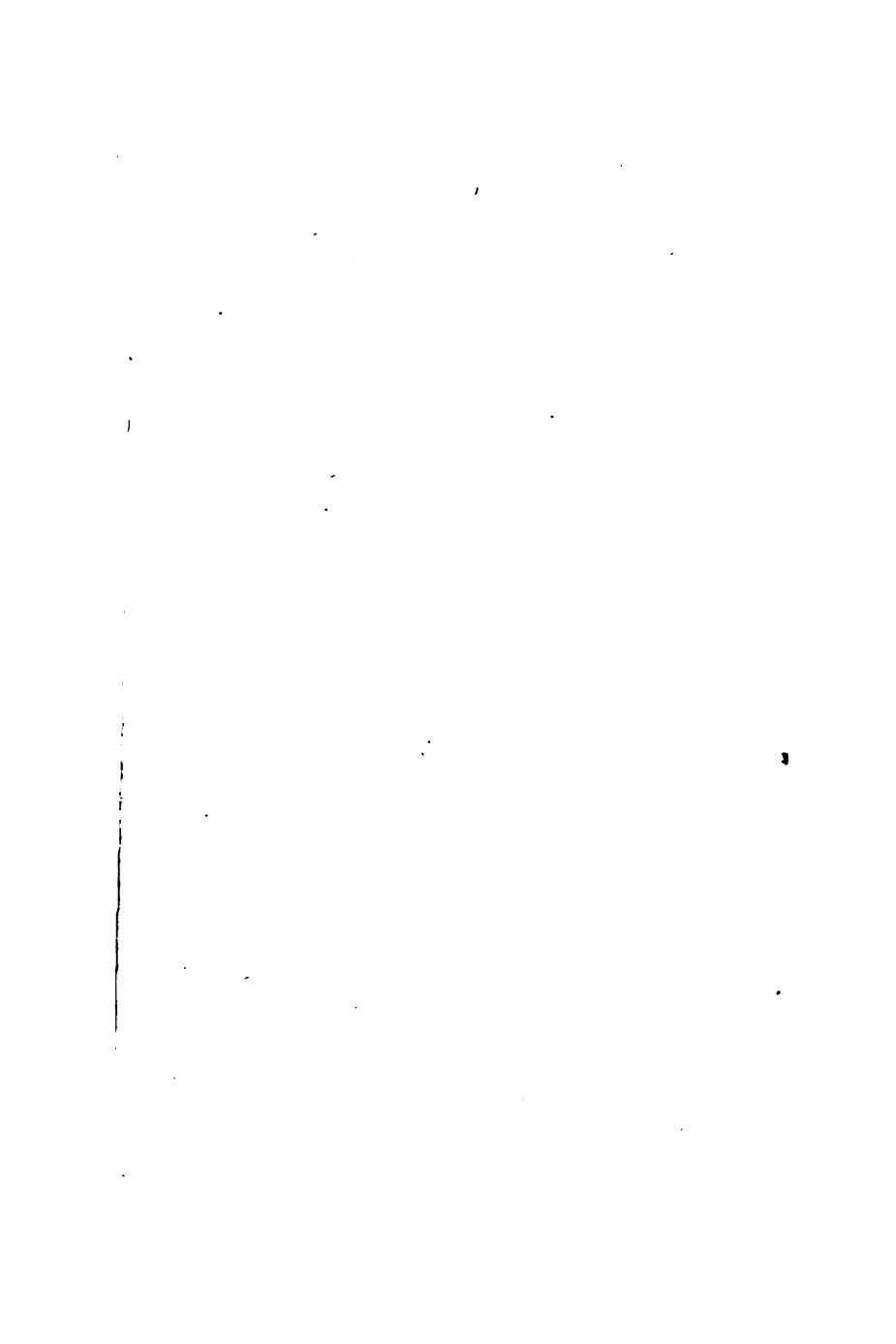


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“ Does Jesus Christ live here ? ”

p. 20.

Cooley, Adelaide J.

THE

LITTLE BOY'S TREASURY

OF

PRECIOUS THINGS.

COMPILED BY ADDIE.



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THE LITTLE BOY'S TREASURY OF PRECIOUS THINGS.

GOOD FOR EVIL.

"It is too bad, it is indeed," said Harry Lee, fretfully flinging himself down in a corner of the sofa. His bright face looked bright and pleasant no longer; it was shaded with anger.

"What is the matter, Harry?" asked his mother.

"Just this, mamma; John Ellis, you know, goes to our school: well, he is the worst boy that ever was; always teasing me and playing some ugly trick. But I won't bear it any longer; I will pay him this time."

"Harry! Harry!"

"Let me tell you what he did, mamma; I

had just written my copy so nicely, in my new copy-book, too, and laid it on the desk, to dry; John came along, and switched his handkerchief in the ink, and drew it right across my copy, and then he laughed, as if it was fine fun. He did it for spite, I know; he is always doing such things, and none of the boys like him."

"And what did you do, Harry, when you saw your copy spoiled?"

"I took it right up to Mr. Martin, and told him how it happened. He gave John a black mark, but that could not make my copy nice again, and John did not care; he only laughed. But he shall care; I will fix him in a way he won't like."

"Will that make your copy nice again, Harry?"

Harry looked down: "No, mamma, of course it won't; but I will have the satisfaction of paying John back, just as he deserves."

Mrs. Lee was silent for a minute, and then she said, "Bring me that book from your father's table, my son." Harry did so.

"Why, mamma, it is the Bible." "I know it, dear, it is just what I want; now listen to this;" and Mrs. Lee read aloud: "But I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for those who despitefully use you and persecute you." As these beautiful and gracious words fell on the ear of Harry Lee, his lip quivered, and the angry red spot went away from his cheeks. His heart was touched.

"You know these are the words of Jesus, my dear child," said the mother. "And you know how gloriously he returned good for evil to his enemies, blessing those who despised and persecuted him, dying for them, and on the cross praying that his murderers might be forgiven. Can you not learn a lesson of forgiveness here?"

"Oh! mamma," said Harry, quickly, "I know I am very wicked. Since you read those sweet verses to me, I am ashamed in my very heart. But, indeed, it is so hard to forgive people, and be kind to them, when they ill treat you."

"I know that, Harry, but you must pray to the great Forgiver to give you strength to do this; pray with an earnest heart, and I think you will find it easy and pleasant to forgive John Ellis: poor John! he needs your pity; he has no father or mother to love him; he has been brought up very roughly at the mill, and all his rude, mischievous ways have been encouraged. You told me none of the boys liked John; now, this makes him worse; suppose you try how much good some kind words will do him."

Just then some one called Mrs. Lee away, but Harry did not forget her words. He thought about them a good while, and when he knelt down that night he prayed that God might give him a kind, *forgiving* heart, and help him to return to John Ellis good for evil.

When Harry started, the next morning, to school, he said to his mother, "I am going to do as you told me, mamma, try and be kind to John Ellis, but I don't think it is of any use; I don't believe John has a heart."

"Try and find out," said Mrs. Lee, smiling, "don't give up until you are *sure* he has none."

Harry was a kind, generous boy, but his temper was quick, and he soon got into a pet, and John Ellis knew this, and liked to worry him. But John was always making some of the boys angry, and when he found they did not like him, it seemed to harden his heart, and he grew worse.

"Good morning, John," Harry said, very kindly, when he came to the school-house door and found John Ellis standing there. John was surprised; he did not think Harry would speak to him: "Good morning," he replied, half sullenly, and then turned away. Harry felt disappointed, but he remembered his mother's words, and resolved to try again.

* * * School had just closed, and the boys were gathered together on the hill at the back of the school-house. There the snow had frozen in a long glassy slide, and they were having fine fun, sledding. "Take care, boys, make way for me," and down flew

10 THE LITTLE BOY'S TREASURY

John Ellis on his sled ; but, before he reached the foot of the hill, his sled somehow veered from the track, and struck against a pile of stones. John was tossed into a snow drift, but he did not mind that. The fall was nothing, but the sled, his beautiful, new sled, which he had bought only that morning, was badly broken ; both the runners knocked off, and the sides shivered clear across. John's fun was spoiled for that evening, and he came slowly up the hill, carrying the broken sled upon his shoulder, looking very sad. The boys had watched him in silence, and when he joined them, they showed but little pity for him. John Ellis, as Harry had stated to his mother, was no favourite amongst his schoolmates ; he knew this, and he sat down very moodily upon the fence, trying in vain to patch together his broken sled. "I may as well go home," he said, half aloud, "all my fun is over now."

"No, it isn't, John ; if you will have my sled, you are very welcome to her ; she sails down beautifully."

John raised his head, and he met the gaze of Harry Lee's clear, blue eyes. "I don't want your sled, Harry ; I am sure you don't owe me any good."

"Never mind that, John, but just please take my sled ; it will make me quite as glad as if I were riding myself."

"Oh, Harry !" began John, but here he stopped short, and hid his face with his snow-crusted mittens. Yes ! John Ellis *had a heart*, for his tears were falling fast. Harry Lee saw them, and he came softly to John's side, and laid his arm across his shoulder, and *then* he *knew* the blessedness of returning "good for evil."

"I always thought you boys hated me, and that was the reason I didn't care what I did. Nobody seemed to love me, and I thought it was no use trying to do right. I have been so wicked to you, Harry ; I can't see how you came to treat me so nicely just now." "I did not do it of myself, John, for I was very angry with you yesterday, but mother talked to me about it, and read a

sweet verse from the Bible, and when I was in my own room I prayed to God to help me to forgive you and act kindly to you; that was the way it came, John."

The two boys talked together a little while longer, and then they went home, and the first words Harry Lee said to his mother, were, "Oh, mother, I have found that John Ellis really has a heart, and I think it is a big one, too." And when Harry slept, that night, his very dreams were sweet. As for John Ellis, that half hour on the snow-crowned hill, at the old school house, was the dawning of brighter days for him; that evening his heart had been touched, and he felt, keenly, how wicked he had been. And when John's schoolmates saw his changed and softened manners, they shunned him no longer, but gave him their friendship.

Dear children : often you may be tempted to grow angry with your playmates, when they ill treat you ; but do not give up to this temptation ; do not revenge yourselves by a sharp word, or an unkind action. Do

like Harry Lee ; take heed to the blessed Saviour's sweet command, and pray to him to give you grace and strength to keep it, and you will find, as Harry did, how very sweet it is to return "good for evil."

FRANKNESS AND CONFIDENCE.

WILLIE was a fair, open-faced boy, whose clear, ample brow indicated a strong intellect and a frank, sincere disposition. He was the pet of the family, always in high favour with his parents and the older children. So good-humoured, so open-hearted, so innocent in his overflowing mirth and frolic, it was the feeling, if not the boast, of all the house that Willie could do no wrong. As he did not claim everything as his own, nor lay every one under special tax to amuse him, every one took pleasure in contributing to his amusement.

Willie had no great show of toys, but

quite enough to content him. He had the happy faculty of amusing himself with a little, and of keeping all the time busy about something. Many of the ordinary articles of furniture were pressed into his service as toys. His mother had, among other things which he was sometimes permitted to use, a very pretty japanned tea-caddy, with a lid on the top, fastened down with a small catch. This was compelled to serve a great variety of purposes in Willie's establishment. Sometimes it was his bank, and received his deposits of coppers, which were counted a dozen times a day. Sometimes it was a dumb-waiter, and was hoisted up and down by a string passed over the upper rung of a chair. Sometimes it was his refrigerator, filled with all the odds and ends of his lunch, with a nice piece of rock-candy for ice.

For some weeks, Willie had not had the use of this favourite toy, his mother having occasion for it in the pantry. He had frequently asked for it, eagerly inquiring, "Where is Willie's bank," or "Willie's

fijerator?" One day, seeing the pantry door open, he spied the long wished-for caddy on the shelf, and, shouting for joy, ran in and begged his mother to take it down for him. His mother told him she wanted it now, but promised him he should have it soon, when the tea that was in it was used up. With that he ran away, seeming quite satisfied.

The next day the door of the pantry was found open, and the caddy gone, there being a liberal sprinkling of tea on the floor. Willie had been playing very quietly in the sitting-room, but was now nowhere to be found. He had never been known to take anything from the pantry without leave, and his mother could hardly believe he had done it now. She looked all over the house, without finding any trace of her boy, and then went to the garden. Here she found him, playing with his kitten, under the shade of the great cherry-tree.

"Willie, dear," said she, "have you taken my caddy from the pantry?"

"No, mamma."

"Do you know where it is, Willie?"

"No, mamma! Willie have it soon—mamma said so."

His mother was satisfied, but only the more puzzled to know how and where the missing caddy had gone.

When the other children came in from school, they were questioned, but none of them could explain the mystery. It naturally became the subject of comment at the dinner-table, and from a single remark that was dropped by a visitor, Willie's father was led to fear that his little boy had taken the caddy, and was now, for the first time, practising deception. As soon as dinner was over, he called Willie, who ran with great alacrity, and climbed upon his knee. The other children gathered round, expecting a story; and a very interesting story they had of a little boy, named Charley, who had kind parents, and brothers and sisters, who loved him, and plenty of toys; but who, not content with all these, went to his mother's room, and took away, without leave, what

did not belong to him, and hid it away. Willie listened, with eyes fixed on his father's, and only said, at the close, "Naughty Charley!" "Unkind Charley!"

"Oh! father," said George, leaning on his father's chair, "you don't think Willie took mamma's caddy?"

"No, indeed!" exclaimed Ellen, leaning over the piano, "Willie never told a lie in his life."

"No," cried Charlotte, jumping up from her stool, and kissing him passionately, "he never does anything wrong; does he, darling?"

Willie now began to gather the meaning of the story about Charley, and to get an idea that his father did not fully believe him. Looking up with a clear eye, and a flushed but very earnest face, he said, "Father, Willie not know how to tell a lie," and then burst into tears. His father soothed him with kindest words, and soon succeeded in satisfying him that everything was right, and that nobody could doubt Willie.

In the course of the day the mystery was cleared up. The pantry had been opened by the servant, left open, as she went out with full hands, and then forgotten. In this state of things, puss walked in to see what she could find. In prowling about upon the shelves, she discovered and took a fancy to a plate of fish, which was just behind the caddy. Squeezing in to secure it, she pushed down the caddy, which, striking on the lower shelf, and spilling a quantity of tea on the shelf and floor, rolled into a barrel, whose open mouth projected from under the shelf. Part of this was discovered when the servant returned, in the evening, from visiting a sick friend. The rest was proved, circumstantially, by puss herself, who followed the servant to the pantry, when she went in at night, and jumped immediately up to the dish which she had only half devoured.

THE JUNGLE BOY.

THE following beautiful story is related by the late Mrs. Emily C. Judson, wife of the Missionary in India.

Many years ago, a lady sat in the verandah of her Burmese house, endeavouring to decipher the scarcely legible characters of a palm-leaf book, which lay in all its awkwardness upon the table before her. A beautiful beetle, with just gold enough on his bright green wings to distinguish him from the glossy leaves of the Cape jasmine, which grew close by the balustrade, was balancing himself upon one of the rich white blossoms that filled the whole air with fragrance; while a gay plumed bird, with a strange sort of a feathery coronal upon his head, was making himself busy among the rank grass beyond. It is in vain to try to enumerate the lady's strange visitors, but they were such as any of you might see of a bright morning in Burmah, and very attractive you would find them—much more attractive,

I have no doubt, than the long palm-leaf books, all smeared with oil to make their circular scratches legible.

From a little bamboo shelter, a curious thatched roof set upon poles, just beyond the high, uncropped hedge, and dignified by the name of school-house—came a sound of mingled voices, very cheerful, very earnest, and to stranger ears about as intelligible as the cawing of the crows. But the lady understood it all; and it told her that her native school-master was doing his duty, and his tawny pupils making some proficiency in the *thembong gyee*, or talk.

As the lady bent over her book, a little more wearily than in the freshness of the morning, and made a renewed effort to fix her eyes upon the dizzying circles, a strange looking figure bounded through the opening in the hedge, which served as gateway, and rushing toward her with great eagerness, inquired, "Does Jesus Christ live here?"

He was a boy perhaps twelve years of age; his coarse black hair, unconfined by

the usual turban, matted with filth, and bristling in every direction, like the quills of a porcupine, and a very dirty cloth of plaid cotton, disposed in the most slovenly manner about his person.

"Does Jesus Christ live here?" he inquired, scarcely pausing for breath, though slackening his pace a little, as he made his way, uninvited, up the steps of the verandah, and crouched at the lady's feet.

"What do you want of Jesus Christ?" inquired the lady.

"I want to see him: I want to confess to him."

"Why, what have you been doing that you want to confess?"

"*Does he live here?*"—with great emphasis; "I want to know *that*. Doing! Why, I tell lies, I steal, I do everything bad—I am afraid of going to hell, and I want to see Jesus Christ; for I heard one of the Loo-gees say that he can save us from hell. Does he live here? Oh, tell me where I can find Jesus Christ!"

"But he does not save people from hell, if they continue to do wickedly."

"I want to stop doing wickedly; but I can't stop—I don't know how to stop—the evil thoughts are in me, and the bad deeds come of evil thoughts. What can I do?"

"Nothing, but to come to Christ, poor boy, like all the rest of us," the lady softly murmured; but she spoke this last in English, so the boy only raised his head with a vacant "B'ha-lai?"

"You cannot see Jesus Christ now—"

She was interrupted by a sharp cry of despair.

"But I am his humble friend and follower—"

The face of the listener brightened a little.

"And he has commissioned me to teach all those who wish to escape from hell how to do so."

The joyful eagerness depicted in the poor boy's countenance was beyond description. "Tell me—oh tell me! Only ask your Master, the Lord Jesus Christ, to save me, and I

will be your servant, your slave, for life. Do not be angry! Do not send me away! I want to be saved—saved from hell!”

The lady, you will readily believe, was not likely to be angry. The next day, a new pupil was welcomed to the little bamboo school-house, in the person of the wild Karen boy.

Years passed away. Death had laid his hand upon the gentle lady. On earth, another death was enacting. A strong, dark-browed man tossed wildly on his fevered couch, in agony. Suddenly, his countenance was lighted with a heavenly radiance, his lips parted with a smile, his eye beamed with a single joyful flash, and then his waiting angel guide conducted him to the presence of the Saviour. It was the Jungle Boy.

UNDERSTANDING AND OWNER- SHIP.

"MOTHER, what are the stars?" said little Henry, as his mother took him out to walk, one cloudless summer evening.

"Some of them are worlds like the one we live on," said Mrs. Foster, "and some are probably suns."

"They must be very small worlds and very small suns," said Henry.

"Why do you think they are small?"

"Because they look small."

"What did you tell me about the large hawk which you saw rise from the barn-yard yesterday?"

"Why, mother, what has the hawk to do with the stars?"

"Little boys should always answer their mother's questions; I asked you what you told me about the hawk?"

"I told you that I saw a very large hawk fly up from the barn-yard and rise up into the air, and it kept flying round and round,

and rising higher and higher, till it looked as small as a little chirping bird."

"That is the point I wish you to notice, viz: the effect of distance on the apparent size of objects. The hawk, when removed to a distance of half a mile, appeared like a very small bird, but you do not conclude that it was a small bird because it appeared small, you make allowance for the effect of distance. So you must make allowance for the effect of distance on the appearance of the stars; some of them are hundreds of millions of miles from us."

"How can anybody tell how far they are from us? has anybody been to them?"

"No, my son, but learned men have measured the distances of a large number of the stars from the earth."

"How did they measure the distances?"

"I cannot tell how they did it, or rather, you could not understand it, if I should tell you; you must believe some things which you cannot understand."

"When I am a man, I need not believe anything which I do not understand."

"Yes, my son, you will always be under obligation to believe many things which you cannot understand. Who made the stars?"

"God made all things. I should like to know *how* he made the stars."

"I cannot tell you *how* he made them, you can believe that he made them, though you do not know how he made them, can you not?"

"Yes, ma'am, but I should *like* to know how he made them. I have often thought that I should like to know how he made me."

"It is not necessary that you should know how he made you. It is sufficient to know that he made you."

Henry did not look satisfied. He didn't see why he could not know how God made him. His mother guessed what he was thinking about, and told him the following story:

"Once there was a boy named Charles, whose father was a very ingenious man. Do you know what an ingenious man is?"

"Yes, ma'am, one who can make curious things."

Yes: well, Charles's father made him a very curious machine. It was a saw-mill, a trip-hammer, and a planing machine, all together. On turning a crank, the saw began to work, the hammer to rise and fall, and the plane to go backwards and forwards. There was quite a number of wheels in it, and it was somewhat difficult to see how they were connected one with the other. It was finished one night after Charles had gone to bed, and was placed on a table by his bedside. In the morning he awoke and saw, as he said, *a wheely thing on the table*, and was afraid of it, and hid his face beneath the blankets. After a while, he looked at it again, and with less fear, and then his sister came into the chamber and turned the crank, and showed him what it was. He was then greatly delighted, and could scarce find time to be dressed, he was so much interested in his machine. He asked Eliza where it came from, and she told him that his father made

it for him. He wanted to know how he made it, and his sister told him he must ask him.

Away he ran to his father, keeping the machine in one hand and turning the crank with the other, and told him he was very much obliged to him for making it for him, and asked him how he made it. His father told him that it was doubtful whether he could understand the way in which it was made, and that he must be content with knowing that his father made it for him. And so, my son, you must be content with knowing that God made you, though you cannot understand how he made you. I will now tell you another story."

"About what, mother?"

"Listen, and you will hear. There was a man who made a beautiful little wagon, and painted it, and finished it in a very neat manner. To whom did it belong when it was finished?"

"To the man who made it." "Why did it belong to him?" "Because he made it."

"To whom does Henry belong?" "To father and mother." "Who made you?" "God made me." "To whom do you belong then?"

"I belong to God, because he made me."

"Very true; ought you not to do then just as God wishes to have you do?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Certainly. Remember, and say to yourself many times in the day, 'God made me, therefore I must do just what he wishes me to do.'"

FINE SPORT.

"WELL, Harry, here is my new gun. Now I can bring down the hawks, pigeons and partridges. I have been out this morning, and have had fine sport."

"Sport, Jack, do you say? Not in killing birds, I hope?"

"Indeed I have. I killed two ducks at

one shot; and, besides that, I killed a chip-ping bird, five tomtits, a snipe, and several lapwings. Now, what do you think of that?"

"What do I think of that? Pray, sir, what do you think of that? Or, rather let me say, why do you not think of that? How can you kill those innocent birds, especially at this season of the year, when they are rearing their young?"

"Why, you eat birds, do you not? I presume you would have them killed before you eat them?"

"It is true, I have eaten birds, after persons like yourself had killed them; but let me tell you, if birds never got into the hands of the cook till I had shot them, it would be a long time before you would find any on the dinner table."

"But you eat chickens, do you not? What say you to that? You kill the chickens, I suppose?"

"That is quite another affair. You kill birds for the mere sport of the thing. This is wicked sport. Had I wilfully killed one

of those little birds, as you did this morning, I should feel as if I deserved to have the mark of Cain placed on me."

"Why, these birds live but a short time. They must soon die by a painful and lingering death in the natural course of things. Now then, if I can derive sport or receive pleasure by killing them outright, at once, so much the better."

"Just so. Now this is exactly the way I should reason if I were going to shoot you. Now then, just step out yonder by the hedge, and let me crack away at you with my revolver. If I kill you 'outright at once, so much the better;' since you 'must soon die by a painful and lingering death in the natural course of things.' Perhaps I may knock out one of your eyes, tear away part of your under jaw, or shatter your knee, or —"

"Oh, horrible! horrible! don't speak of such things."

"Why, this is just the way you mangle the birds. You shatter their limbs and

joints; you blow away their legs and beaks, and leave them to die a lingering, agonizing death. Even the thought of this is enough to make the heart of humanity bleed."

"Enough, enough—say no more. I will consider this matter. But, Harry, did you never amuse yourself in catching birds?"

"An act that caused me more pain than any other when I was a boy, was the killing of a bird. It was a pretty little bird. The event happened in this wise. The bird had built its nest on a thorn bush that stood near the garden, in front of my father's house, I used to go and look at the nest every day, and was delighted, one morning, to find in it a beautiful, little speckled egg. In a few days the nest contained five eggs.

"One morning just before school time, I went out to take a look at the bird's nest. The bird flew up chirping from the nest, as I approached, and alighted in an apple tree near by, the leaves of which hid her from my view. I took up a stone and threw it violently into the tree, without the least de-

sign of doing any harm. But to my astonishment, the poor little bird dropped through the thick branches, and fell to the ground. I ran trembling to it, and taking it up, held it in my hands. It struggled a little, raised its head feebly, then dropped it, gasped and breathed no more.

"I would have given the world to have restored that little bird to life; but I could not do it. I took it and placed it on the nest, where it had rested in such apparent safety only a few minutes before. I could not go to school, I felt so badly. It would have melted any but a heart of stone, to see the mate of the little bird come and sit on the bush, and mourn the death of its companion that lay motionless upon its nest. I always think of this bird, when I go into the country and see a little bird flying and hopping from branch to branch, though many a summer has come and gone since then."

"Now, Harry, that little incident is really touching; and I wish that every one who kills a bird could hear you relate it."

"Allow me to read to you a passage, that I cut the other day out of an old review:—

"It may perhaps be said, that a discourse on the iniquity and evil consequences of murder, would come with a bad grace from one who was himself a murderer. So it would; but not if it came from the lips of a repentant murderer.

"Never shall I forget an incident which occurred to me during my boyish days—an incident which many will deem trifling and unimportant, but which has been particularly interesting to my heart, as giving origin to sentiments and rules of action, which have since been dear to me.

"Besides a singular elegance of form and beauty of plumage, the eye of the common lapwing is peculiarly soft and impressive. It is large, black, and full of lustre, rolling, as it seems to do, in liquid gems of dew.

"I had shot a bird of this beautiful species; but, on taking it up, I found that it was not dead. I had wounded its breast, and some big drops of blood stained the pure whiteness of its feathers.

“ ‘ As I held the hapless bird in my hand, hundreds of its companions hovered around my head, uttering continued shrieks of distress, and, by their plaintive cries, appeared to bemoan the fate of one to whom they were connected by ties of the most tender and interesting nature; whilst the poor wounded bird continually moaned, with a kind of inward, wailing note, expressive of the keenest anguish; and, ever and anon, it raised its drooping head, and turning toward the wound in its breast, touched it with its bill, and then looked up in my face with an expression that I have no wish to forget, for it had the power to touch my heart whilst yet a boy, when a thousand dry precepts in the academical closet would have been of no avail.’ ”

“ Well, now, Harry, that's touching. A lapwing! Hang me, if I shall have the heart to touch another lapwing.”

“ But other birds, Jack, have feelings as well as lapwings.”

LITTLE HARRY SMITH.

HARRY SMITH was a sickly-looking, deformed little boy as long as I knew him. Yet he was not always so; he was once very sprightly, and full of health. But about two years ago, God sent the affliction which brought on his early death.

I was sitting by the window of his mother's parlour one fine evening, while he lay silent on his couch at the further end of the room. But all at once I heard his clear little voice—

"Will you give me a Testament with large print?" said he.

"Why, child?"

"Because I can't read in my little Testament any longer; and I want to read it."

So I got up and went to Harry's bed-side; he was resting his wan cheek on his thin hand against the pillow.

"And what would you read about in the Testament, Harry?"

"I would read about Jesus."

"Harry, do you ever say anything to Jesus?"

"Yes, I do."

"And what do you say to him?"

"I ask him to make me well, if he please; and to give me a new heart."

"And I am sure he will give you a new heart, if you ask him for it. Do talk to Jesus very often. He is so kind, I can tell you."

The next morning I called with the Testament; but after knocking a long while, I found that no one was at home. The little invalid had been carried out to breathe the fresh air, for the day was bright and balmy. But as the door of the house stood open, I walked into the neatly furnished parlour, and laid the Testament on a chair, silently praying the while that God would bless it to little Harry.

When they came home again and found the Testament on the chair, the poor boy's heart was filled with joy. He took it into his hand, and would not let it go. And when

bed-time came, he placed the book under his pillow, that it might be near him all night long.

His nights were generally very wearisome; for then his cough grew worse, and the fever was so hot upon him, that he did not know where to lie. So his mother would often and often take him out of bed, and carry her little boy up and down the room in her arms. But it was a comfort to her that Harry was mostly very patient.

Sometimes during the weary hours of the night, he would cry out to the Lord Jesus for a new heart; and sometimes he would sing little hymns. One night, especially, he seemed all at once to revive from his great weakness, and sang, with as clear a voice as ever he did, one of our Sabbath-school hymns.

Little Harry was very fond of God's house, and often begged of his mother to carry him there; although, when taken into the pew, he could only lie along the cushion. The last Sabbath evening but one before he died,

Harry was brought to meeting alive for the last time.

That evening, as I was walking down the lane in which he lived, his mother overtook me, with the little fellow in her arms. She had carried him home, but he cried to shake hands with me before he was put to bed. So I shook hands with him ; and prayed in my heart that Jesus would take the little lamb close to his. I never saw Harry any more. A few days after that, he suddenly grew worse ; and in two hours he was dead.

While he lay dying, his mother asked if he would be buried at Sutton, along with his grandmother.

"No ; I will be buried in the Quay Meeting yard, along with the good Sabbath-school children."

Now, there is a quiet shady corner in the Quay Meeting burial-ground, where they bury the children in rows. And there are, by this time, a great many little green hills, some longer than others, but all of them very short.

"And let them sing," said the boy—

' Oh ! that will be joyful,

when they bury me."

The following Sabbath afternoon it was very sunny and pleasant. The children all met in the school-room as usual ; but they were more than usually still, for the superintendent had said that poor Harry Smith was coming to school for the last time, and that was in his coffin.

In a few minutes four of the boys belonging to the senior scholars' class brought in a little coffin, covered all over with a delicate white napkin. They carried it up to where our minister stood, and set it down on two forms.

Then the minister said that little Harry had asked us to sing that hymn, beginning—

" Here we suffer grief and pain," &c.

But his father and mother began to cry, and the teachers all cried, and most of the older scholars cried as well ; so that none but

the younger children could sing, and their faint, little voices made one almost fancy that Harry was singing along with them.

After our minister had spoken a few solemn and tender words, the elder boys took up their burden again, and carried little Harry forth into the burial ground. When they came to his grave, a rope was put under the coffin at either end, and the four lads gently lowered the coffin down until it reached the bottom. They were strong healthy youths; but their work was done so tenderly, that you would have thought poor Harry knew what was going on. When their mournful task was over, the boys stood still in the same place, but took off their hats, and covered their faces, while our minister offered a short prayer.

There were a great many teachers and children all about the grave; and one after another, they went and had a peep into it. And at last I looked down, and saw little Harry's nice oak coffin lying peacefully by itself. So I thought that no pain or noise would ever

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disturb him in his earthly bed ; and, indeed, that nothing would ever wake him any more, until that hour which, to be sure, is coming very fast, when "all that are in the graves shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and shall come forth." Then I prayed to the Lord Jesus to have mercy upon us and all our children in that day. And at last I went away singing gently to myself,

" Oh ! for an overcoming faith,
To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er the monster death,
And all his frightful powers."

Little Harry Smith was in his ninth year when he died.

THE CHRISTMAS-TREE.

It was Christmas eve, and it was a bitter, bitter night. The snow had been falling steadily all day, and toward night the wind had risen, till it was really fearful to hear it moaning and sighing and howling around

the house, as it tore up the masses of snow, and flung them against the windows, or threw them into great heaps, like miniature hills and mountains.

Many an old lady as she sat knitting before her comfortable fire, on hearing a louder, fiercer howl of the wind, exclaimed, "God pity the poor this bitter night!" But how does God pity the poor? He does not send down bread and meat and warm clothing from heaven to supply their wants, but he puts it into the hearts of their brethren and sisters of the human family to "visit them in their afflictions." Ah, "the poor ye have always with you, and when ye will, ye may do them good."

The moaning and howling of the wind passed almost unheeded in the brilliant parlour of Mr. M——, where a group of happy children were assembled around the Christmas-tree, whose top reached to the lofty ceiling, and whose branches, illumined by many gay coloured wax tapers, hung laden with tokens of affection from one member of the family to another.

It would take me a long time to enumerate the beautiful things which were on the Christmas-tree. There were presents for grandmamma and father and mother, made by busy little fingers ; there were toys and candies, and baskets and boxes ; there were dolls seated among the branches ; and hanging from the end of some of the boughs were little purses, with half-dollars in them—presents from grandmamma to each of the children.

After the presents had been distributed, and sufficiently admired, and thanks and kisses had been exchanged, the children engaged in a merry game, in the midst of which little Ellen, who had been running through the folding-doors, came hastily up to her mother, and whispered in her ear :

“Mamma, there is a poor little girl out in the hall by the stove ; she seems almost frozen, and when I offered her some of my candy, she thanked me, but said she would rather have a piece of bread. What a strange child, mamma, to like bread better than candy !”

"Perhaps, if you had had nothing to eat all day, you would like bread better than candy too, Ellen," said her mother, rising to go and speak to the child. The children all followed her into the hall. "Where do you live, my child?" she asked. "In Fisher's lane, ma'am." "Are your parents living?" "Father's been dead a year, ma'am, and mother's lying very sick; she thinks she is going to die." "Did your mother work when she was well?" "O yes, ma'am, and I never had to beg a bit, till since mother's been so ill." "And why did you come out this stormy night?" "Oh, I've had to take care of mother and the little ones all day; and to-night the landlord—he's a very hard man, ma'am—came in and said, if the rent was not paid to-night he would put us all in the street, for another family wanted the room; and mother said there was no way but for me to come out and try to raise the rent."

"How much do you owe?" asked Mr. M——. "Half a dollar a week, we owe, for four weeks, sir." "Have you any wood?"

"Only some bits I pick up about the street, sir." Have you had food to-day?" "Some bits of dry bread, sir; I could not leave mother, to beg food to-day."

A greater contrast could hardly have been presented, than that between the miserably clad, half-frozen, half-starved little beggar-girl, and the group of bright, happy, gaily-dressed children, with their hands full of beautiful gifts; and a tear stood on the poor child's cheek, as she looked into the cheerful, warm parlour, and thought of the cold, dark room at home, and the sick mother, and starving little ones there.

All the time Mrs. M—— was questioning the poor child, little Ellen was pulling at her mother's dress; and in every pause in the conversation she whispered, "Mamma, may I give her my half-dollar? Do, mamma, let me give her my half-dollar."

The children soon perceived that their father was putting on his great coat, and socks, and tying up his face, as if preparing for an encounter with the storm. Crowd-

ing round him, they exclaimed, "Why, papa, dear papa! are you going out this dreadful night?"

Their father said to them, in a low tone, "Do you think we could sleep comfortably to-night, children, or enjoy our warm fire, if we thought a sick woman and her little child were perishing in the street? It will not do to trust this child with money; but I must go with her, and see if her story is true, and their wants must be relieved."

"Then, papa, you will take my half-dollar, to help pay the rent, will you not?"

"And mine!" "And mine!" "And mine!" shouted other little voices.

"Yes, children, you shall all have the pleasure and the benefit of giving," said their father. And ordering Patrick to take his hand-sled full of wood and a basket of provisions, Mr. M—— started out with the child, who was now wrapped in a comfortable, warm shawl.

The little children were allowed to sit up till their father came home, and much grati-

fied were they to hear that the poor child had told the truth, and that their father had not left the family till they had been made quite comfortable, and Patrick had brought a physician to see the sick woman.

There were at least two happy homes in that village on Christmas day. "Go thou and do likewise," and you shall receive the blessing of Him who has said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

THE LAW OF MY MOTHER.

"HERE is the parcel, George; take it to Mrs. Gray, before school, and ask her to have the mending all done for me in a week."

"Yes, mother, I'll tie it on my new sled, on my swift *Reindeer's* back, and harness Dash to draw it: just let me find some stronger cord for reins."

"No, my son, you cannot take Dash this morning. There is only time enough for you to do the errand, and reach school in season. Dash would want a great frolic, if he was to go; wouldn't you, good fellow?" said George's mother, turning with an affectionate caress to the noble Newfoundland, that stood by her side, listening so knowingly to every word that was said.

"Oh, mother," pleaded the little boy, "do let me take him. There's plenty of time, and I won't play with him, to make me late."

"No, my dear, you had better leave Dash at home, this time," was the mother's gentle and firm reply. But George put on a very sour face, and jerked the parcel out of her hand, refusing her kind offer to adjust his school books, and replying to her sweet "Good morning, dear," with only a sullen "—morning," that was but little better than no reply at all.

"It's too bad," he muttered to himself, as soon as he was out of hearing; "Dash might

go, just as well as not, but mother is always so afraid of something or other. I know I shouldn't be late, and it's real mean he can't go." So the little boy trudged along, fretting and scolding, making himself certainly no very agreeable companion for his walk.

"I wish I didn't have to mind," he continued; "men don't have to; it's too bad that little boys must. I'll be glad when I'm a man, big as papa, then I can do just as I please, always;" and from this soothing soliloquy, George went on to consider the great privileges that manhood would bring him, when, as he imagined, all restraints would be removed, and he might do precisely as he pleased. "That's what I shall like; won't I have grand times, then?" and the anticipation really quickened his step, and brightened his face, as he hurried along on his way.

The errand done, George soon found himself among the school boys, and in the ordinary interests of his studies and his sports, he quite forgot the ill-temper that had

clouded his morning sky, and the impatient, rebellious feelings he had permitted to work unrestrained in his breast. But his mother remembered it all, sorrowfully.

School closed early that fine afternoon, and groups of merry boys started for Bare Hill, to coast. George hastened home, in high spirits, and bounded into the parlour, almost out of breath, asking eagerly, "May I go, too, mother, and Dash?" His mother put her arm around him, and drew him tenderly to her side, kissing the glowing cheek which the keen air had tinted so richly. "Yes, my dear boy, I am especially happy to give you my full consent to enjoy this pleasure, and to take Dash too!"

Something, George could not tell what, caused him suddenly to remember the incident of the morning, and a pang of self-reproach accompanied the thought. But he was eager for his play, and stopping only to return his mother's kiss, he went in search of Dash.

At tea, that evening, and for an hour af-

terward, George's father and mother were engaged with company, so he and his cousin Will stayed by themselves, in the library, telling stories, and playing quiet games. George was tired, after his afternoon's play, and had taken off his boots, wet and heavy with the snow water, to which he had carelessly exposed himself in coasting, and now he sat with his wet socks on, not because he knew no better, nor even because he "didn't think," but simply because he did not feel like taking so much trouble as to rub his feet, and change his socks, and put on his slippers. And so he was willing to disregard his duty, and the oft-repeated directions of his mother, by thus exposing his health.

Presently his father had occasion to pass through the room, and asked with surprise, "Are you sitting all this time without your slippers?—and your feet wet, too? How is this, George?"

"Oh, father, I'm not cold, and my feet are almost dry now."

"Why, my son, how can you be so care-

less? *I* could not do such a thing, without feeling that I was sinning against the injunctions of my mother, who taught me it is wrong so to expose my health. Go immediately, and attend to yourself."

These words were emphatic and seriously uttered.

"My father still minding his mother!" thought George; "why, he's a man, grown, and old enough to have some gray hairs, and his mother died years and years ago, when father wasn't much older than I am. Father loved her, I guess, a good deal," and then he hunted all through the closet for a missing slipper.

"Sinning against the injunctions of my mother." Again the words returned to George's mind, as he laid his head on the pillow for the night, and again his thoughts went back to the morning, when he had so rebelled against his mother's directions, and suffered so many wrong feelings and wishes to possess his mind. "I thought *men* didn't have to mind their mothers, and could al-

ways do as they like; but father minds his mother, now, though he's a man, and she has been dead a very long time. That's strange! I never thought it could be so. Father's a good man, and grandma must have been good too."

"And isn't *my* mother good, and wise, and kind?" asked conscience. "Wasn't *she* right, and *I* wrong, this morning, when I felt so cross and disobedient?"

Just then he heard a step in the hall. It was his mother, come to give her good-night kiss and blessing. She observed the serious, troubled look upon George's face, and before she could speak, the sobs broke forth. "Mother, I'm sorry I was so naughty this morning. I will try to mind you better; father always minded his mother, and he minds her still;" and then George told her what his father had said, and all he had thought about it afterward.

"Yes, my child," said his mother, in low, earnest tones, "your father was an obedient son, and that is what has fitted him to be

now a wise and faithful parent. I have many times heard him say that the remembrance of his mother's teachings comes up to him with undiminished authority, in the daily duties of life, and his obedience to those teachings formed, long ago, many habits that are now too strong to be broken. Her precepts and her example still influence his life; they will never cease to do so, and as you have heard him say to-night, he could not violate any obligation that she had taught him, without feeling that he was sinning against his *mother*, as well as against *God*."

"My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother."

RESISTANCE AND NON-RESISTANCE.

"GEORGE," said Mr. Ashton, the school-master, "I saw you, yesterday afternoon, running along homeward, beside the fence,

apparently labouring to conceal yourself from observation. Were you attempting to surprise a fox?"

"No, sir, but some bad boys had covered my clothes with filth, and I was ashamed to be seen."

"I hope you have not been quarrelling."

"No, sir, but I think I ought to have quarrelled with them."

"You think you ought to do wrong, do you?"

"No, sir, I don't think any one has ever a right to do wrong, but," ——

"You think he may have a right to quarrel, sometimes."

"No, sir, quarrel is not exactly the word. I think one has a right to defend himself when he is unjustly assaulted."

"I am not prepared to deny your proposition."

"I have always been taught that I must not resent evil; if I am struck on one cheek, to turn the other. I have practised on this principle, except in a few instances

in which I was overcome by passion. I think if I had defended myself, I should have been let alone."

"Perhaps a true doctrine has been carried rather too far. That the habit of non-resistance is generally the surest way of disarming injustice, is doubtless true, but only in cases where there is some moral sense left. If a lion or tiger were to attack you, it would be folly not to defend yourself, if you were able. So, if a lunatic were to attack you, it would be folly not to defend yourself. So, in the case of a child who is unable to reason, or an adult who has become so hardened as to be governed by mere brute propensities. If men reduce themselves to a level with the brutes, they must be dealt with, oftentimes, as brutes are dealt with. The question whether we shall resist injury, depends upon the same principle on which we must proceed in governing men and boys. Men were made to be influenced by reason, and conscience, and sympathy. In governing them, we are to appeal to reason and

conscience, and exhibit sympathy for them. But if they divest themselves of reason and conscience, or, what amounts to the same thing, refuse to be influenced by them, if they show a brute-like insensibility to sympathy, they may be said to put off their humanity and to become brutes. They can be governed only as brutes are, by force. If it is necessary to govern them, they must be governed by force. So, in regard to injury inflicted upon us. There are cases in which returning kindness for injury, will prove the surest method of disarming the offender and of bringing him to repentance. There are other cases where force must be repelled by force. A man must ask counsel of God, and exercise his best judgment, and not give way to the promptings of passion."

"I think the case yesterday was one which justified the repelling force by force."

"What were the circumstances?"

"I was passing Mr. Halsey's yesterday, and his boys had a tub of dirty water, or of blood and water, and they were throwing it

on one another. As I came near, one of them said he dare duck that fellow, and the other said that he durst not, and he said he did, for I would not dare to do anything to him, for I never fought, because I was a coward, and then he threw a wash-basin of the dirty water all over me."

"Did you do anything to him?"

"I caught him and thought of putting his head in the tub, but I thought a second or two, and was afraid it would not be right, so I let him go."

"Would it not have been wise to have told his father of his conduct?"

"That would not have been of any use. He lets his boys do just as they please, and laughs when he hears of their doing anything very mischievous. Frank Salman complained to him one day of their treatment of him, and he told him that he was the oldest, and could take care of himself. Frank did take care of himself the next time they attempted to do anything to him. He took a stick and whipped them, and then peeled

some walnut bark, and tied their hands behind them, and then tied a piece of bark about their legs so that they could just shuffle along, and then told them to go home. They were nearly half a mile from home, and it took them a long while to get there. They never did anything to him after that."

"I am not sure that you would have done wrong by executing your thought of putting the villain's head into a tub, but it should not have been done under the influence of passion."

"One would not be likely to act, in those circumstances, under the influence of anything else."

"True, and therein lies the difficulty of deciding when recurrence to force is lawful."

"I remember another instance in which a boy put an end to all annoyance on the part of another boy, by treating him as he deserved to be treated. The boy kept throwing water on his clothes; he was in bathing, and had folded up his clothes neatly and placed them on a log; the bad boy kept

spattering water on them; James told him if he did not stop, he would come out and throw him into the river. The boy paid no attention to what James said, but kept on spattering his clothes; James came out of the water, and seized the rogue, and threw him into the river, with all his clothes on. He had to swim out, and pull off his clothes, and dry them in the sun, before he could go home. He let James alone after that."

"I have known instances in which the opposite course was equally effective. When I was a boy, we lived between two neighbours, who were about as unlike each other as two men could be, and their families were equally unlike. Mr. Burman was a member of the Society of Friends, and was one of the most upright, kind and forbearing men I ever saw. His family were carefully taught his principles and practice, and were a most peaceable and obliging family. The other neighbour, Mr. Hyde, was an Ishmaelite. He was always quarrelling, if he could find any one to quarrel with, and unfortu-

nately, he was seldom unsuccessful in his attempts. He often went with his complaints and threatenings to Mr. Burman, but Mr. Burman always appeared glad to see him, and when he stormed the loudest, he would only say, 'Well, friend Hyde, we won't quarrel. Think the matter over, and what thee thinks is right, shall be done.' As Hyde was unable to quarrel, he was obliged to think, and the result in every case, was, that he never thought it right that Mr. Burman should do anything. He was often very insulting, and often did Mr. Burman serious injury in his property. I remember, once, that some of Mr. Burman's cattle got into Mr. Hyde's pasture, Hyde drove them into Mr. Burman's cornfield, where they did a great deal of damage. The next morning Hyde went and told him what he had done; Burman merely said, 'Friend Hyde, I don't think thee did right, but I thank thee for telling me of it; Charles, run and bring the cattle out of the corn.' The result of that mode of proceeding was, that Hyde ceased

to annoy and injure his neighbour, and when corn was ripe, he sent a number of bushels of corn, to make up for what the cattle had destroyed through his means. If Burman had gone to law with Hyde, they would probably have been enemies through life.

“In the Bible we are commanded to love our enemies, to do good to those who hate us, and to pray for those who despitefully use and persecute us. It is difficult to have recourse to force, and still obey these precepts according to their true intent. It is plain that it is often our duty to suffer wrong, and manifest a meek and submissive spirit. It is always our duty to cherish a spirit that would make us willing at all times to return good for evil. It is never right for us to resent injury under the impulse of passion. There are, as I said just now, cases in which it is right to repel force by force; in which it is our duty to do so, in order to prevent evil. But in order to determine those cases, we must use our own reason and conscience, and take counsel of God, and not of pride and passion.”

THE GOLD SOVEREIGN.

"WHEN I was only eight years old," said Judge N——, "my father and my mother being poor, with a half-a-dozen children beside myself to care for, I was given to a farmer in the town of F——, who designed making a ploughboy of me, and keeping me in his service until I was of age.

"Well, I had not a very gay time in Deacon Webb's service; for, although he was an honest deacon, and a tolerably kind man in his family, he believed in making boys work, and understood how to avoid spoiling them by indulgence.

"So I had plenty of work to do, and an abundant lack of indulgence to enjoy. It was, consequently, a great treat for me to get the enormous sum of one or two pennies into my possession, by any sort of good fortune—a circumstance of such rare occurrence, that at the age of eleven, I had learned to regard money as a blessing bestowed by Providence only on a favourite few.

"Well, I had lived with Deacon Webb three years, before I knew the colour of any coin except vile copper. By an accident, I learned the colour of gold. That is the story I am going to tell you.

"One Saturday night, Mr. Webb sent me to the village store on an errand ; and, on returning home, just about dusk, my attention was attracted by a little brown package, lying on the road-side.

"I picked it up to examine its contents, without the slightest suspicion of the treasure within. Indeed, it was so light, and the volume of brown paper appeared so large, that I undoubtedly supposed that I would be made an April fool, though it was the month of June. I tore open the folds of the paper, however, and discerning nothing, I was on the point of throwing it into the ditch, when something dropped out of it, and fell with a ringing sound upon a stone.

"I looked at it in astonishment. It was yellow, round, glittering, too bright and too small for a penny ; I felt it, I squeezed it in

my fingers, I spelled out the inscription, then something whispered to me that it was a gold coin of incalculable value, and that, if I did not wish to lose it, I had better pocket it as soon as possible.

"Trembling with excitement, I put the coin in my pocket. But it would not stay there. Every two minutes I had to take it out and look at it. But, whenever I met somebody, I carefully put it out of sight. Somehow, I felt a guilty dread of finding an owner for the coin. Provided I found none, I thought it was honestly mine, by right of discovery; and I comforted myself with the sophistry that it was not my business to go about the streets, crying, 'Who's lost?'

"I went home with gold in my pocket. I would not have the deacon's folks know what I had found, for the world. I was sorely troubled with the fear of losing my vast and incalculable treasure. This was not all. It seemed to me that my face betrayed my secret. I could not look at anybody with an honest eye.

"These troubles kept me awake half the night, and projects for securing my treasure by a safe investment, the other half. On the following morning I was feverish and nervous; when Deacon Webb, at the breakfast-table, said:

"William!"

"I started, and trembled, thinking the next words would be:—

"Where is that piece of gold you have found, and wickedly concealed, to keep it from the rightful owner?"

"I want you to go to Mr. Baldwin's this morning, and ask him if he can come and work for me to-day and to-morrow."

"I felt immensely relieved. I left the house, and got out of sight as soon as possible. Then once more I took the coin out of my pocket, and feasted on its beauty. Yet I was unhappy. Consciousness of wrong troubled me, and I almost wished I had not found the sovereign. Would I not be called a thief, if discovered? I asked myself. Was it not as wrong to conceal what I had found,

as to take the same amount originally from the owner's pocket? Was not he defrauded the same?

"But then I said to myself:

"Why, if I don't know who the loser is, how can I give him his money? It is only because I am afraid Deacon Webb will take it away from me, that I conceal it: that's all. I would not steal gold; and, if the owner should ask me for it, I would give it to him. I apologized thus to myself all the way to Mr. Baldwin's house; but, after all, it would not do. The gold was like a heavy stone to my heart. It was a sort of unhappy charm, which gave an evil spirit power to torment me. And I could not help thinking I was not half so well pleased with my immense riches as I had been with a rusty copper penny, which I had found some weeks before. Nobody claimed the penny, although I kept my good fortune no secret, and I had been as happy as a king—or as a king is supposed to be.

"Mr. Baldwin was not at home, and I re-

turned to the deacon's house. I saw Mr. Wardly's horse standing in the gate, and I was terribly frightened. Mr. Wardly was a constable, and I knew he had come to take me to jail; so I hid in the garden until he went away. By that time reason began to prevail over cowardice, and I made my appearance at the house. The deacon looked angry at me.

"Now, thought I, feeling faint, he's going to accuse me of finding the gold.

"But he only scolded me for being so long about my errand. I never received a reprimand so willingly. His severe words sounded sweet, I had expected something so much more terrible.

"I worked all day with the gold in my pocket. I wonder Deacon Webb did not suspect something, I stopped so often to see if the gold was really there; for, much as the possession of it troubled me, the fear of losing it troubled me scarcely less. I was miserable. I wished a hundred times I had not found the gold. I felt that it would be a relief to lay it down on the road side.

"I wrapped it in brown paper again just as I had found it, and wondered if ill-got wealth made every body so miserable.

"At night I was sent again to Mr. Baldwin's, and, having found him, obtained his promise to work at Deacon Webb's on the following day.

"It was dark when I went home, I was afraid of robbers. I never felt so cowardly in my life. It seemed to me that any body could rob me with a clear conscience, because my treasure was not rightfully mine. I got home, and went tremblingly to bed.

"Mr. Baldwin came early to breakfast with us. I should tell you something about him. He was an honest, poor man, who supported a large family by hard work. Everybody liked him, he was so industrious and faithful; and besides making good wages for his labour, he often got presents of meal and flour from those who employed him.

"Well, at the breakfast-table, after Deacon Webb had asked the blessing, and given Baldwin a piece of pork, so that he might

eat and get to work as soon as possible, something was said about the 'news.'

" 'I suppose you have heard about my misfortune,' said Mr. Baldwin.

" 'Your misfortune !'

" 'Yes.'

" 'Why, what has happened to you?' asked the deacon.

" 'I thought everybody had heard of it,' replied Baldwin. 'You see, the other night, when Mr. Wooley paid me, he gave me a gold piece.'

" 'I started, and felt the blood forsake my cheeks. All eyes were fixed upon Baldwin, however, so my trouble was not observed.

" 'A sovereign,' said Baldwin ; 'the first one I ever had in my life ; and it seemed to me that, if I should put it in my pocket, like a cent, or a half dollar, I should lose it. So, like a goose, I wrapped it in a piece of paper, and stowed it in my coat-pocket, where I thought it was safe. I never did a more foolish thing. I must have lost the coin in taking out my handkerchief, and the paper

would prevent its making any noise as it fell. I discovered my loss when I got home, and went back to look for it; but somebody must have picked it up.'

"I felt like sinking through the floor.

" 'I don't know,' continued the poor man, shaking his head sadly; 'who has got it; whoever he is, I hope his conscience won't trouble him more than the money is worth; though heaven knows I want my honest earnings.'

"This was too much for me. The allusion to my conscience brought the gold out of my pocket. I resolved to make a clean breast of it, and be honest, in spite of poverty and shame. So I held the gold in my trembling hand, and said, 'Is *this* yours, Mr. Baldwin?'

"My voice was so faint that he did not hear me. So I repeated my question in a more courageous tone. All eyes were turned upon me in astonishment, and the deacon demanded when and where I had found the gold.

"I burst into tears, and confessed every thing. I expected the deacon would whip me to death. But he patted my head, and said, more kindly than was his wont :

! "'Don't cry about it, William. You are an honest boy, if you did come near falling into temptation. Always be honest, my son, and, if you do not grow rich, you will be happy with a clear conscience.'

"But I cried still—for joy. I laughed, too, the deacon had so touched my heart. Of what a load was I relieved! I felt then that honesty was the best policy.

"As for Baldwin, he declared that I should have half the money for finding it; but I wished to keep clear of the troublesome stuff for a time; and I did. I would not touch his offer; and I never regretted it, boy as I was.

"Well, I was the deacon's favourite after this. He was very kind to me, and trusted me in every thing. I was careful not to deceive him; I preserved the strictest candour and good faith, and that has made me what

I am. When he died he willed me five hundred dollars, with which I came here and bought new lands which are now worth a great many sovereigns. But this has nothing to do with my story. That is told; and all I have to add is, I have never regretted clearing my conscience of poor Job Baldwin's sovereign."

THE BOY WHO DARED TO DO RIGHT.

ONE bright day in winter, when the snow was on the ground, and almost all the children were looking happy and rosy, little Harry Nye came into the house, threw his slate upon the table, and sat down by the window. His mother saw that he was out of temper, so she said nothing to him; but Harry could not keep still very long; he thought his mother would ask what was the matter, but as she did not, he said, "I can't bear Willie Grant; he's the most disobliging boy I ever saw."

"Who is Willie Grant, and what has he done?" said Mrs. Nye.

"He's a new scholar," replied Harry; "he's only been to our school a fortnight, and I wish he would go away, for I never want to see him again. This morning, I asked him to lend me his sled, just for two or three slides down hill, and he wouldn't, because he said it would make me late at school. I'm sure, mother, I don't think it's any of his business, whether I'm late or not. Then just before we were called out to recite arithmetic, I asked him to let me copy my sums from his slate, because I hadn't done my own, and he said it wouldn't be *right*; but I dare say the reason was, that he wanted to have the highest mark for his lesson, and so wouldn't show me."

Mrs. Nye said nothing then, but at night, when Harry had got over his ill-humour, and was ready to go to bed, she talked to him very kindly about the occurrences of the morning. She showed him that it *would* have been *wrong* for Willie to have lent him

his sled, because it would have tempted him to be late at school, and that it would have been *deception*, if he had copied Willie's sums. She told him that instead of being cross, and saying unkind things that he really did not mean, he ought to have been grateful to Willie, who had saved him from doing wrong twice in that one morning; and she asked Harry to promise her that the next time he wanted a sled, when it was proper for him to have one, or needed some *assistance* in doing his sums, (for he *never* should copy them from another's slate,) he would ask Willie Grant.

Harry thought a great deal about the matter before he went to sleep, and though he was not quite sure that Willie was not a disobliging boy, he determined to try him the next day. The next morning Harry found, much to his delight, a sum in his lesson that he thought he could not possibly do; so he went to Willie, who very kindly told him all that he could about it, and also helped him to understand his reading lesson,

and then said, "Harry, I am afraid you thought I was cross yesterday, but I only did what I thought was my duty. It is hard to do it sometimes, but I always mean to try. I dare say the boys will dislike me at first, but soon they will find out that I really like them, and only refuse their requests when they ask me to do what I think wrong. And now, Harry, I wish you would take my sled and use it all noontime, for I know that yours will not be mended until to-morrow."

A few months after this, Harry's mother said to him, "How do you and Willie Grant get along together?" Harry answered, "Oh, mother, Willie is one of the best boys in the world! He always does what he thinks will please God. At first the boys laughed at him, and used to call him names, but now they all love him dearly, for though he is so good and gentle, he is always ready for a frolic in recess, or after school; and then he helps us about our lessons, after we have tried to understand them and can't, but never until we have tried—and school is so much

quieter and more pleasant, now he is there. And then, mother, even when he is playing hard, he is never rough, and I am sure nobody would ever think of calling him Bill, as they do some boys who are named William ; everybody says Willie to him, and I think he is just like the name."

I wish all children were like Willie Grant in daring to do right. Sometimes it will be hard for them ; they will be misunderstood, and perhaps laughed at, but in the end they will surely be respected and loved by their schoolmates ; they will make the schools where they go quiet and pleasant, and what is better still, they will be preparing themselves for true and noble men and women, who will do God's work in the world, and be blessed and strengthened by his love and constant presence.

THE HAPPY DAY.

IT was a morning in beautiful October. The sun rose clear and cloudless, but the sunlight in little Willie's heart was darkened. He arose in no pleasant humour. Nothing suited him. He did not wish to dress in season for breakfast, and everything that Eddie did displeased him. His mother tried in various ways to soothe him, and to scatter the discontent that made his face grow darker and darker; but all in vain. Something more was necessary than gentle words. As she was leaving the room, she said to him, "You must make up your mind to control yourself, or you must go back to bed. I cannot have you about while indulging in such a temper. You will disagree with Eddie, and make yourself and everybody about you miserable. Which do you choose to do?"

"I don't know," answered Willie poutingly.

"I shall leave you to decide for yourself. You can do as you please."

So saying, Mrs. Dudley shut the door, and left her dear child alone. He knew that she was greatly grieved, for she could scarcely speak without weeping.

"Where is Willie?" Mr. Dudley inquired of her, as she seated herself at the table.

"I left him in my room. We will not wait for him," she replied.

The blessing was asked, and the family had nearly finished their breakfast, when Eddie wished to be excused. Permission was granted him to leave the table. As he went into the hall, Willie called to him from the head of the stairs:

"Will you tell mother I wish to see her?"

"Yes."

Eddie opened the door, and said,

"Mother, Willie wants to see you."

"Yes, dear," and saying to the family, "Excuse me for a few minutes," she left the room.

Willie met her on the stairs, and throwing both arms around her neck, exclaimed, "I hope you will forgive me, mother."

"Certainly, my child, I am always ready to forgive you."

"I am sorry I was so naughty."

The tears flowed rapidly, and he laid his head on his mother's shoulder. She pressed him closely to her heart.

"Will you come to breakfast now?"

Willie hesitated. He did not exactly like to go before the family, for his eyes were red with weeping.

"I do not care for any breakfast."

"But you had better have it. You will be hungry before dinner."

Willie looked in his mother's face with something between a smile and a tear on his own, and put up his lips to kiss her.

Taking him by the hand she led him to the table, but he was no sooner seated than he burst anew into tears. His father spoke tenderly to him, for he knew the conflict through which he had passed. He helped

him to whatever was on the table. The tears were soon wiped away, and gave place to a happy, loving smile.

Though Willie's early morning was so sad and gloomy, his day was bright and cheerful. He was perfectly good-natured. Nothing seemed to trouble him, or disturb his happiness. It scarcely seemed possible that he was the same child his mother left in her bedroom.

At night, when it was time for the children to retire, he came to his mother saying, "I have had a happy day."

"What has made it so happy?" his mother smilingly inquired.

"Because I controlled myself."

"How did you do it?"

"I prayed about it."

"What did you ask God?"

"I asked him to forgive me, and keep the devil away from me."

"You see that God is ready to help you when you ask his aid?" "Yes, mother."

"I hope you will always remember this.

He can defend you from the temptations of Satan."

Willie undressed in a very different mood from that in which he dressed. His face was lighted up with a happy smile. There was more sunlight in his heart that dark evening than there was in the bright and rosy morning. The Sun of Righteousness illumed it with heavenly rays.

Peacefully and trustingly he repeated his prayers, and after kissing father and mother, brothers and sisters, was tucked up by loving hands in his little bed. "Blessed angels" guarded him from harm.

Willie possesses by nature a hasty, unyielding temper. From his infancy it has been a source of temptation, and has occasioned him many severe conflicts and hard struggles. Yet he usually comes off conqueror, and every year his power of self-control increases. If he lives to manhood, I have no doubt that his temper will be in perfect subjection to his will, and those who only know him then will have no idea how

much and how often he has needed to pray for aid to resist this, his "easily besetting sin." If Willie did not love to pray, I should tremble for him, for such a temper as his often leads to many rash and wicked acts; but God never forsakes those that love him, nor turns a deaf ear to their petitions.

Children should never be discouraged if they cannot overcome a fault with one effort. If they fail once, they must try again, and so continue to try till victory is obtained. Willie sometimes feels as if it was very hard to have to fight so many battles, and is almost ready to despair; but, as he says, it always comforts him to pray. Prayer, too, helps him to persevere.

Not long ago Willie went on an errand with his brother. As the boys returned, Mrs. Dudley, who was looking from the window, at once observed there was something wrong. She went to the door, but Willie was not there. She stepped out into the path, and followed it around the house. She found Willie sitting on the ground, be-

hind a small spruce tree. She inquired into the difficulty, and Willie told her the whole story—how he had got angry, and threw away something his brother had found. There had also been some trouble about a wooden elephant, that Willie thought should be his, but which his brother had retained in his possession.

Willie's mother talked with him, till she supposed he had resolved to drive out the evil spirit from his heart and be a good boy. But she afterwards found the victory was not quite gained. He was not at peace with himself, nor his brother. Yet the good work was begun. When he sat down to the dinner table, he burst into tears. He immediately arose and left the room. His mother followed him. They went into the parlour, and closed the door. He threw himself sobbing into her arms, exclaiming,

"I am so wicked."

He then repeated the story of his fault, without excusing himself at all, or blaming his brother. This is one of Willie's good

traits of character. He does not extenuate his own sins, nor seek to cast the blame of them on others. He seems to look into his heart, and see the exceeding sinfulness of his sins, without any other desire than to escape from them, and be forgiven.

"I am so wicked," repeated the weeping boy.

"Yes," replied his mother; "but God is ready to forgive. He loves to forgive the penitent."

She drew him to the sofa, and taking him in her arms, he sat for many minutes folded to her heart, while she talked about the evil of sin, and the loving-kindness of our heavenly Father.

"Has Charles offered you the elephant?"

"Yes, mother."

"Did you take it?"

"No, mother."

"Why not?"

"Because I was too naughty."

"Would you take it now if he offered it to you?"

"Yes, mother, and I am sorry that I threw away that scabbard."

Willie and his mother kneeled by the sofa, and prayed that the dear boy might be forgiven. Peace entered into his soul. His face expressed the calm happiness he felt. He had repented, sought forgiveness and found it.

Mrs. Dudley had taken great pains to teach her children that God means just what he says, and that the promises and encouragements of his Holy Word are addressed to them when their circumstances are such as to make them applicable. When he says, "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts ; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon," he means that any one who has sinned, may be assured of pardon if he is truly penitent. She often quoted such passages as these to her children : "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper ; but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall find mercy." "If we confess our sins he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

Willie knows and feels that "God is Love;" and he, I doubt not, loves his heavenly Father, although he sometimes sins against him. When he has done wrong, he is never happy till he feels himself forgiven. His hasty temper gives him much to contend with, but he is gradually controlling it more and more, and he will eventually come off conqueror and more than conqueror through Him that loved him.

BE NOT ASHAMED OF RIDICULE.

I SHALL never forget a lesson which I received when quite a young lad, at the Academy. Among my school-fellows were Hartley and Jemson. They were somewhat older than myself, and to the latter I looked up as a sort of leader in matters of opinion as well as of sport. He was not at heart malicious, but he had a foolish ambition of being thought witty and sarcastic, and he

made himself feared by a besetting habit of turning things into ridicule, so that he seemed continually on the look out for matter of derision.

Hartley was a new scholar, and little was known of him among the boys. One morning, as we were on our way to school, he was seen driving a cow along the road toward a neighbouring field. A group of boys, among whom was Jemson, met him as he was passing. The opportunity was one not to be lost by Jemson. "Halloa!" he exclaimed, "what's the price of milk? I say, Jonathan, what do you fodder on? What will you take for all the gold on her horns! Boys, if you want to see the latest Paris style, look at those boots!"

Hartley, waving his hand to us with a pleasant smile, and driving the cow to the field, took down the bars of a rail-fence, saw her safely in the enclosure, and then, putting up the bars, came and entered school with the rest of us. After school in the afternoon he let out the cow and drove her off, none

of us knew where. And every day, for two or three weeks, he went through the same task.

The boys of B—— Academy were nearly all the sons of wealthy parents, and some of them, among whom was Jemson, were dunces enough to look down with a sort of disdain upon a scholar who had to drive a cow. The sneers and jeers of Jemson were accordingly often renewed. He once, on a plea that he did not like the odour of the barn, refused to sit next to Hartley. Occasionally he would enquire after the cow's health, pronouncing the word "ke-ow," after the manner of some of the country people.

With admirable good nature did Hartley bear all these silly attempts to wound and annoy him. I do not remember that he was even once betrayed into a look or word of angry retaliation. "I suppose, Hartley," said Jemson, one day, "I suppose your daddy means to make a milkman of you." "Why not?" asked Hartley. "Oh, nothing; only don't leave much water in the cans after you

rinse them—that's all!" The boys laughed, and Hartley, not in the least mortified, replied, "Never fear; if ever I should rise to be a milkman, I'll give good measure and good milk."

The day after this conversation there was a public exhibition, at which a number of ladies and gentlemen from neighbouring cities were present. Prizes were awarded by the Principal of our Academy, and both Hartley and Jemson received a creditable number; for, in respect to scholarship, these two were about equal. After the ceremony of distribution, the Principal remarked that there was one prize, consisting of a gold medal, which was rarely awarded, not so much on account of its great cost, as because the instances were rare which rendered its bestowal proper. It was the prize of heroism. The last boy who received one was young Manners, who, three years ago, rescued the blind girl from drowning.

The Principal then said that, with the permission of the company, he would relate

a short story. "Not long since, some scholars were flying a kite in the street, just as a poor boy on horseback rode by on his way to the mill. The horse took fright and threw the boy, injuring him so badly that he was carried home, and confined some weeks to his bed. Of the scholars who had unintentionally caused the disaster, none followed to learn the fate of the wounded boy. There was one scholar, however, who had witnessed the accident from a distance, who not only went to make inquiries, but stayed to render services.

"This scholar soon learned that the wounded boy was the grandson of a poor widow, whose sole support consisted in selling the milk of a fine cow of which she was the owner. Alas! what could she now do? She was old and lame, and her grandson, on whom she depended to drive the cow to pasture, was now on his back helpless. 'Never mind, good woman,' said the scholar, 'I can drive your cow!' With blessings and thanks the old woman accepted his offer.

"But his kindness did not stop here. Money was wanted to get articles from the apothecary. 'I have money that my mother sent me to buy a pair of boots with ; but I can do without them for a while.' 'Oh, no,' said the old woman ; 'I can't consent to that ; but here is a pair of cowhide boots that I bought for Henry, who can't wear them. If you would only buy these, giving us what they cost, we should get along nicely.' The scholar bought the boots, clumsy as they were, and has worn them up to this time.

"Well, when it was discovered by other boys of the Academy, that our scholar was in the habit of driving a cow, he was assailed every day with laughter and ridicule. His cowhide boots, in particular, were made matter of mirth. But he kept on cheerfully and bravely, day after day, never shunning observation, and driving the widow's cow, and wearing his thick boots, contented in the thought that he was doing right ; caring not for all the jeers and sneers that could be

uttered. He never undertook to explain why he drove a cow ; for he was not inclined to make a vaunt of his charitable motives, and furthermore, in his heart he had no sympathy with the false pride that could look down with ridicule on any useful employment. It was by mere accident that his course of kindness and self-denial was yesterday discovered by his teacher.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, I appeal to you, was there not true heroism in this boy's conduct? Nay, Master Hartley, do not slink out of sight behind the blackboard! You are not afraid of ridicule, you must not be afraid of praise. Come forth, come forth, Master Edward James Hartley, and let us see your honest face!"

As Hartley, with blushing cheeks, made his appearance, what a round of applause, in which the whole company joined, spoke the general approbation of his conduct! The ladies stood upon benches and waved their handkerchiefs. The old men wiped the gathering moisture from the corners of their

eyes, and clapped their hands. Those clumsy boots on Hartley's feet, seemed a prouder ornament than a crown would have been on his head. The medal was bestowed on him amid general acclamation.

Let me tell you a good thing of Jemson before I conclude. He was heartily ashamed of his ill-natured raillery, and after we were dismissed, he went with tears of manly self-rebuke in his eyes, and tendered his hand to Hartley, making a handsome apology for his past ill-manners. "Think no more of it, old fellow," said Hartley, with delightful cordiality; "let us all go and have a ramble in the woods before we break up for vacation." The boys, one and all, followed Jemson's example; and then we set forth with huzzas into the woods. What a happy day it was!

THE STOLEN MELON.

It was vacation, and Eben and Robert had gone to the city with their father. During their absence the boys proposed a pic-nic to Clark's point, in honour of two old associates, now collegians, on a vacation visit home. I was the youngest, and perhaps a little proud of my invitation. My mother prepared me cake and sandwich for the occasion. As I was down in the garden, I noticed Eben's large watermelon, now fully ripe. It had been the object of his special care. "Oh, if I only had that melon," thought I; "none of the boys will have a melon to carry." This I wished not only once, twice, or three times, but many times, until I could not help thinking of it.

"What's on your mind?" asked Bill Parsons, as we walked up street together. "Something," I replied. "Tell me; I won't tell," he said coaxingly; and I told him how I wanted Eben's melon, for the pic-nic. "Capital!" cried Bill, who was fond of

melons, "let's have it." "Why, mother won't give it to me, because it is not hers to give; and Eben hasn't come home," I said. "Oh, never mind that; you know what the college boys tell of their spree—how they rob hen-roosts, and orchards, and nobody knows what. It is all in *joke*, you know. Now let's have Eben's melon."

We talked until it did not seem so bad a joke, after all. I went home. That night, or never. Away from Bill Parsons, I was the victim of doubts and hesitation. I went down in the garden, but was afraid to touch the melon. It grew darker and darker. "Bill says it would be so capital; and after all, it's only a joke." I rushed forward, seized and snapped it from the stem. The deed was done; and I hid it in the barn. The next morning I rose early, for you may be certain I had not slept well. After breakfast, my mother tied up my eatables in a nice white bag, kissed, and bade me be a good boy. I ran out the front door, and then stole round to the barn. There lay the melon.

I tried to shove it into the bag ; it was loath to go, but in at last, I shouldered the bag and was off.

The melon was heavy on my back, but a heavier load was on my conscience. Tugging to the place of rendezvous, before half way there, in a little cross street, I sat down on a log, hot and unhappy. "I can't carry this poor melon any longer," I said, opening the bag. After a moment's thought, I pulled it out, tossed it over a fence, and scampered off. The day wore away wearily enough. Bill Parsons called me a coward, when he saw no melon, and his ugly words rankled in my heart all day.

What surprise and sorrow attended the discovery of the theft ! "My beautiful melon stolen !" cried Eben, when they told him of it. "That you took such pains to ripen," echoed Robert. "I am sorry for you, my son," said father, feelingly. "You will soon have another, Eben," said mother, cheeringly. "But I did nurse *that so* carefully, mother."

Poor Eben ! Did not *I* feel miserable ?

Where was the happy independence of conscious integrity? I cringed before them all; my appetite and spirits forsook me. Every thing I saw seemed to reflect but one dreadful image—that I was a thief. I bore it until I could bear it no longer. It was Saturday afternoon; and turning away from Saturday afternoon play, I went to my father's counting-room. "Father, are you alone?" I asked, the door being ajar. "Yes, my son, walk in, I am happy to see you;" and he put aside his book. I went in and shut the door firmly behind me. "Father," I said with desperate courage, "it was I who stole Eben's melon; I stole it one evening." I fell on my knees before him, and hid my face, but I could not cry. He laid his hand on my head. "Ralph, did you forget that God saw you?" The sorrowful earnestness of his tones pierced my inmost soul. I then told him all. "Father, what shall I do? Can you forgive me? Shall I ever be happy again?" I sobbed out. "My son," he at length said slowly and sorrowfully, "you

have broken God's law ; you have wronged a dear brother, and violated the confidence of your family"—I wished he had whipped me, or sternly sent me off, for his sad tone hurt me a great deal more—"but I thank God, my son, you have confessed your sins ; it shows you are penitent ; and if penitent, you can be forgiven and restored, my child." My pent up feelings found relief in tears, and I wept bitterly. "Tell mother ; tell Eben." He took me up on his knees, great boy as I was, but I dared not look him in the face. "They must know all this painful story, Ralph," he said. Oh, yes ; I wanted nothing hid any longer. "Will you go now, and tell them?" I asked, for I longed to have the great wall of partition broken down between us. I felt my sin had separated me from them.

I sat down on an old trunk of papers until he came back. It was an hour before he reappeared, and it seemed ages ; he told me the result of his sad consultation with my mother, in all the requirements of which I

humbly and heartily acquiesced. I staid with him until he went home to supper, when I went to my father's chamber. After supper, my father called me to the sitting-room. It was time for evening devotions, and mother, sister, and brothers were all in their accustomed places. Near my father was an empty chair, in which he motioned me to sit. One hasty glance at my mother; she looked paler than ever. "I have something now to say," began he, with unaffected seriousness; and he rehearsed my sad story. In striking language, did he show the guilt and danger of disguising any sin under harmless or innocent names. "*Sin is no joke*," he said impressively; "and a prophet of God, in stern and strong language, has denounced a woe against them who call evil good, and put light for darkness"—every eye was fixed on me—"and now I hope Ralph is penitent; he feels he can never be happy again until he is forgiven. Eben, do you forgive your brother?" Eben would have flown to me, but my father motioned

him back ; but Eben from his heart forgave me.

"Now we must carry this matter before God," he said, with increasing solemnity ; and the family knelt in prayer. He placed his hand upon my head, and how earnestly did he pray for me ! How he sought that I might be cleansed from all sin by the blood of Christ, and made strong in his might ! How did he plead for us all, that we might so live on earth as to become a reunited family in heaven ! Did I not then realize that sin must be no light thing, though committed in darkness and alone, which could bring such terror and wretchedness to myself, such sorrow to a parent's heart, and which required the blood of Jesus to wash away ? I had known the peace of well-doing ; had I not also tasted the *bitter fruit* of wrongdoing ?

THE LIFE OF FAITH.

ON a fine summer's evening, as crowds of artisans were passing along the streets of Hamburg, to drink coffee and hear the music at the Elb-Erholung, or Altona, a shoemaker was busy cobbling his shoe beneath an awning near his door. Above his head was a starling, which sang and chattered, and seemed to keep a busy talk with its kind-hearted possessor,—now turning its head, and looking down upon his bald pate with a most curious eye, as a master would watch and examine an apprentice at his work; and then, as if quite satisfied, would ruffle his feathers, fly up to his perch, and pour forth every note, and bit of song, and witty saying, which he had learned, to the great delight of old Hans the cobbler. Hans would say half aloud—"Thou art a happy bird, and well provided for; and why should not I be a happy christian with such mercies?" and so he would begin to sing one of the fine old German psalm tunes.

While thus engaged on the said evening, hardly looking up from the sole of the large shoe before him, and heedless of the crowded street, a young man who was passing by stopped and addressed him, saying, "Well, friend—beg pardon—but you seem a merry fellow!" The person who thus spoke had the look and dress of a student. His features were dark and sombre, with the full black eye, the high nose, and rather sallow skin, which marked the descendant of Abraham. Hans looked up to him, and replied with a cheerful voice, "Merry! to be sure I am right merry, my brother; and why should I not be so?"

"All are not so!" replied the student with a sigh and shrug of his shoulders.

"Why should you not, you asked," continued the student; "I would reply, that your own poverty might afford a sufficient cause for sadness in you. But you have no living thing, I suppose, to take care of but the bird up there, who seems, by the way, to be as jolly as yourself!"

"And why should not he be merry? my little speckled breast!" said Hans, chirruping to his starling. "But he is not all my family, young man, for I have a wife and seven children to provide for with these hands; but see, I can sing at my work!"

The student was silent; and he began to think of all the sorrow he had experienced in the midst of books and literature; and in spite of having youth and health on his side, with fair prospects of success in the world, yet he knew not why or how, a sadness like the pall of death often rested on his spirit; and questionings from the endless future, and from beyond the grave, came to him in his solitary hours, to which he could give no answer, and he had no peace from thoughts of God, when he had thoughts of him at all; and he knew not Jesus Christ! He was a Jew, and felt that for his soul old things had passed away, but nothing had as yet become new! And so, while in one of these gloomy moods, and when on his way to seek some repose from the music, and en-

joyment from the company, in the public gardens, he was arrested by the busy and happy cobbler, and by a sudden impulse was induced to address him, in order to discover from what source one so poor, and yet so contented, drew his happiness.

Again resuming the conversation, he said, "I confess, friend, I am surprised to see a poor artisan like you so cheerful."

"Poor!" exclaimed Hans. "How knowest thou, friend, how my account stands with the bank? Poor! I am richer than thou knowest."

"It may be, it may be," said the student, with a smile. "I must have heard, though I have forgot, thy name in the Exchange, or heard of the sailing of thy ships, or when in the bank."

"Enough," said Hans, "thou hast confessed thy ignorance of me;" and then, stopping his work, laying his hand on the student's arm, and looking at him with an expression of countenance from which all fun was banished, he said calmly and solemnly, "Stran-

ger, I am not poor. Don't pity me; envy me, for be it known to you that I am a *King's son!*"

The student started, made a low bow, and departed. "Poor fellow, poor fellow!" he muttered to himself. "And art thou happy only because thou art mad? Art thou able to rejoice only because all realities are to thee but dreams, and all dreams to thee realities! I have sought strength and comfort at thy mouth in vain."

A week passed, and again the student traversed the same street; and there in the old place, was Hans, busy as ever in his stall, and his starling as happy as ever in his cage. The student, as he passed him, took off his cap, and said, "Good evening to your Royal Highness!"

"Halt, friend," said Hans, with a cheerful but firm voice, "and come here to me a few minutes. I am glad I have seen you again. You left me abruptly t'other evening. I suppose you thought I was mad. But I am not so; but in sober earnest, I tell you again

I am a King's son ; and when you interrupted me I was singing a song about my kingdom. Would you like to hear it ?”

“Surely, if it please your Royal Highness,” replied the Jew, with a benevolent smile, and anxious to gratify his strange acquaintance, whose insanity he never doubted. Hans, having provided a seat for the young Jew, began to sing a hymn on “Thy kingdom come,” and when it was finished, perceiving that it was listened to with apparently deep interest, he asked if he understood its meaning. The Jew shook his head. Upon which Hans proceeded to explain all he knew, and it was much, about the kingdom of Jesus Christ and the glory of its King ; and how every subject in his kingdom was a son and an heir, yea, a “joint heir” with Christ the King, and would reign with him for ever and ever ! As old Hans expatiated on these promises, his work was laid aside, his eye beamed with love and hope, and deep feeling gave eloquence and grace to his language. The Jew sat at his feet, gazing up to him

with his full black eye, and so absorbed by all he heard for the first time in his life, of the promise made of old unto his fathers, that he was roused from his waking dream only by Hans taking him by the hand, and saying, "Now thou seest how I am a King's son, and why I am happy; for I know and love this Jesus, and all things are mine, whether life or death, things present, and things to come; and, young man," he asked with emphasis, "believest thou the prophets? I know that thou believest. For, unless I mistake thy countenance greatly, thy fathers did; and thou, my son, believing in them, must also believe in Him whom they foretold, and whom God hath sent to perform the mercy promised to thy fathers, and to remember his holy covenant, the oath which he swore to thy father Abraham."

The Jew was silent. Unutterable thoughts passed through his mind. "Where," he asked meekly, "can I learn more of this—for I see that thou believest and hast peace?"

"From this book," said Hans, handing

him a Bible. "Go home and read there about the kingdom, and return to me when thou hast studied the passages I shall point out to thee; and whilst thou art doing battle to the enemies of thy soul—for Satan will stir up a host to destroy thee—I shall, like Moses, pray for thee on the mount, and ask One to pray for thee, whom as yet thou knowest not, but who knoweth thee, and who is greater than Moses."

The young Jew grasped Hans by the hand, and, taking off his cap, made a respectful bow, and departed. "May the Lord engraft him into his own olive tree!" said Hans, looking upward and resuming his work, when the form of the Jew was lost to him, as he turned into a neighbouring street.

My story is ended. The substance of it was told me by a distinguished Christian Jew, as we walked together in the streets of Hamburg. What became of Hans I could not learn. But the young Jew is now Mr. N——, for many years a successful missionary to his brethren in Silesia.

Reader! let us derive one lesson before we part; it is this: If the seed of truth is in thy hand, sow it in any field which God provides for thee in his providence; and the least seed may become a great tree, whose fruit may feed many souls, and make glad thine own, here and hereafter, with exceeding joy.

JAMIE.

*"He shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them
in his bosom."*

It was a glorious autumn eve,
The stars were in the sky,
When Jamie sought his mother's knee,
And met her loving eye.

"Now, tell me, won't you please, mamma,
Some story sweet and true?
I dearly love this hour to come,
So I can be with you."

The mother heard the voice; she drew
The little pleader near;
And, wrapped within her loving arm,
He smiled without a fear.

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And then she told him of a land,
Where long, long years ago,
A mother watched her boy with love
That only mothers know.

How he was always kind and good,
Nor gave his mother grief ;
But sought in every childish way
To minister relief.

How he grew up to manhood's years,
Still good, and kind, and wise ;
He healed the sick, he raised the dead,
And opened sightless eyes.

How many gathered where he went,
And lingered near his side ;
With loving hearts they followed him,
Their Master, Friend, and Guide.

And what a precious name he bore,
His own expressive choice—
The Shepherd who should call his sheep,
And they should hear his voice !

He promised he would guard them well
From every foe and snare,
And never lose a single one
Entrusted to his care.

But, lest the while the sheep went on,
The lambs should faint and tarry,
He said he'd take *them* in his arms,
And in his bosom carry.

So, while he dearly loved the sheep
That followed in the way,
The lambs were folded to his breast,
That they might never stray.

And now, though he has left the earth,
Has gone to be above,
He watches yet his chosen lambs
With gentlest, tenderest love.

He casts out none who come to him,
Though they be old and gray ;
But loves the little ones the best,
Who come in childhood's day.

Then Jamie raised his tearful eyes,
" Mamma, his lamb *I'd* be ;
And listen ever to the voice,
With which he calleth me."

So, as the weeks went quickly by,
He grew more meek and mild ;
And sought, with earnest prayer, to be
Like Jesus, when a child ;

Till, on one tearful, spring-time day,
The Saviour called him home ;

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And, to the voice he loved so well,
The child replied, "I come."

The mother laid him in the grave ;
But while she left him there,
She knew her precious lamb was safe
Within the Shepherd's care.

And as she went her lonely way,
'Mid tears, her thanks were given
To Him who gathered home her child,
To be with him in heaven.

THE WORN-OUT MOTHER.

Not long since, a good-looking man, in middle life, came to our door asking for "the minister." When informed that he was out of town, he seemed disappointed and anxious. On being questioned as to his business, he replied, "I have lost my mother; and as this place used to be her home, and my father lies here, we have come to lay her beside him."

Our heart rose in sympathy, and we said, "You have met with a great loss."

"Well, yes," replied the strong man, with hesitancy, "a mother is a great loss, in general, but our mother had outlived her usefulness; she was in her second childhood, and her mind was grown as weak as her body, so that she was no comfort to herself, and was a burden to everybody. There were seven of us, sons and daughters, and as we could not find anybody who was willing to board her, we agreed to keep her among us a year about. But I've had more than my share of her, for she was too feeble to be moved when my time was out, and that was more than three months before her death. But then she was a good mother in her day, and toiled very hard to bring us all up."

Without looking at the face of the heartless man, we directed him to the house of a neighbouring pastor, and returned to our nursery. We gazed on the merry little faces which smiled or grew sad in imitation of ours, those little ones to whose ear no

word in our language is half so sweet as "mother," and we wondered if that day could ever come when they would say of us, "She has outlived her usefulness; she is no comfort to herself, and a burden to everybody else!" and we hoped that before such a day would dawn we might be taken to our rest. God forbid that we should outlive the love of our children! Rather let us die while our hearts are part of their own, that our grave may be watered with their tears, and our love linked with their hopes of heaven.

When the bell tolled for the mother's burial, we went to the sanctuary to pay our only token of respect for the aged stranger; for we felt that we could give her memory a tear, even though her own children had none to shed.

"She was a good mother in her day, and toiled hard to bring us all up; she was no comfort to herself, and a burden to everybody else!" These cruel, heartless words rang in our ears as we saw the coffin borne

up the aisle. The bell tolled long and loud, until its iron tongue had chronicled the years of the toil-worn mother. One, two, three, four, five! How clearly and almost merrily each stroke told of her once peaceful slumber in her mother's bosom, and of her seat at nightfall on her weary father's knees. Six, seven, eight, nine, ten rang out the tale of her sports upon the green sward, in the meadow, and by the brook. Eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, spoke more gravely of school days, and little household joys and cares. Sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, sounded out the enraptured visions of maidenhood, and the dream of early love. Nineteen brought before us the happy bride. Twenty spoke of the young mother whose heart was full to bursting with the new, strong love which God had awakened in her bosom. And then stroke after stroke told of her early womanhood, of the love and cares, and hopes, and fears, and toils through which she passed during these long years, till fifty rang out harsh and loud. From

that to sixty, each stroke told of the warm-hearted mother and grandmother, living over again her own joys and sorrows in those of her children and children's children. Every family of all the group wanted grandmother then, and the only strife was, who should secure the prize. But, hark! the bell tolls on! Seventy, seventy-one, two, three, four! She begins to grow feeble, requires some care, is not always perfectly patient, or satisfied; she goes from one child's house to another, so that no one place seems like home. She murmurs in plaintive tones; and, after all her toil and weariness, it is hard she cannot be allowed a home to die in; that she must be sent, rather than invited, from house to house. Eighty, eighty-one, two, three, four. Ah! she is now a second child; now "she has outlived her usefulness; she has now ceased to be a comfort to herself or anybody," that is, she has ceased to be profitable to her earth-craving and money-grasping children.

Now sounds out, reverberating through

our lovely forest, and echoing back from our "hill of the dead," Eighty-nine! There she lies now, in the coffin, cold and still: she makes no trouble now, demands no love, no soft words, no tender little offices. A look of patient endurance, we fancied, also an expression of grief for unrequited love, sat on her marble features. Her children were there, clad in weeds of woe, and, in an irony, we remembered the strong man's words, "She was a good mother in her day."

When the bell ceased tolling, the strange minister rose in the pulpit. His form was very erect and his voice strong, but his hair was silvery white. He read several passages of Scripture expressive of God's compassion to feeble man, and especially of his tenderness when grey hairs are on him and his strength faileth. He then made some touching remarks on human frailty, and of dependence on God, urging all present to make their peace with their Master when in health, that they might claim his promises when heart and flesh should fail them.

"Then," he said, "the eternal God shall be thy refuge, and beneath thee shall be the everlasting arms." Leaning over the desk, and gazing intently on the confined form before him, he then said reverently, "From a little child I have honoured the aged, but never till grey hairs covered my own head did I know truly how much love and sympathy this class have a right to demand of their fellow-creatures. Now I feel it. Our mother," he added most tenderly, "who now lies in death before us, was a stranger to me, as are all these her descendants. All I know of her is what her son has told me to-day—that she was brought to this town from afar, sixty-nine years ago, a happy bride; that here she has passed most of her life, toiling as only mothers ever have strength to toil, until she had reared a large family of sons and daughters; that she left her home here, clad in the weeds of widowhood, to dwell among her children; and that, till health and vigour left her, she lived for you, her descendants. You who together have shared

her love and her care know how well you have requited her. God forbid that conscience should accuse any of you of ingratitude, or murmuring on account of the care she has been to you of late! When you go back to your homes, be careful of your words and your example before your own children, for the fruit of your own doing you will surely reap from them when you yourselves totter on the brink of the grave. I entreat you as a friend, as one who has himself entered the 'evening of life,' that you may never say in the presence of your families nor of heaven, 'Our mother had outlived her usefulness; she was a burden to us.' Never, never; a mother cannot live so long as that! No; when she can no longer labour for her children nor yet care for herself, she can fall like a precious weight on their bosoms, and call forth by her helplessness all the noble, generous feelings of their natures.

Adieu then, poor, toil-worn mother; there are no more sleepless nights, no more days

of pain for thee. Undying vigour and everlasting usefulness are part of the inheritance of the redeemed. Feeble as thou wast on earth, thou wilt be no burden on the bosom of Infinite Love, but there shalt thou find thy longed-for rest and receive glorious sympathy from Jesus and his ransomed fold.

A LESSON IN DOING GOOD.

I WAS a rude boy and very fond of play. Every moment when out of school was given to some sport or another, and anything which stopped me in my games was borne with an ill-temper.

One day, at tea, my mother directed me to take a small basket of food and some wood to a poor woman in a distant part of the village; charging me to go at once, as she was sick and in great want. It was winter, and the ponds were covered with ice. While securing in a little basket my mother's gift,

a group of school-mates came along, on their way to the mill-pond, to slide. They called for me, and said they should have fine sport.

"Come, Charley!" they cried, "we are all waiting for you—come along!"

"I cannot go now," I replied; "I've got to take these things down to widow Long's."

"You would not catch me doing such business as *that*," said one; "I let people carry their own wood!"

"Oh," said another, "you have plenty of time to slide and do that too."

Little did I need urging; so leaving the wood and basket, we were soon sliding on the pond.

The evening came on; it was moonlight, and the crusted snow shone like silver. There were many men and boys enjoying the sport, and the air rang with merry shouts as skaters swiftly glided about, and the sliders tripped one another up.

At first conscience smote me for my selfish pleasure-seeking, for my mother's strict

charge told me that it might be at the cost of another's suffering. This, however, was soon forgotten in the excuse that a few minutes would not matter, and in the joy of the occasion the village clock struck nine. It was then too late to go on the errand; so, hurrying home, I crept softly to bed, not caring to meet my parents.

At breakfast next morning, my mother said to me, "Well, Charles, how did you find Mrs. Long, last night?"

My cheeks became quite red, and I made no answer.

When the truth was known, I shall never forget the look of pain with which it was received.

"Oh!" my mother cried, "what may not that poor woman have suffered from your neglect! Gladly would I have gone myself, rather than have left her to it."

Then adding to the store of good things, she hurried me away. It was, however, no welcome task to me. I was unhappy, and was ready to blame the poor for *being* poor,



A feeble voice said, "Come in."

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**ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS**

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and thus giving others trouble. How colder than all other mornings seemed that, as I went on the forced mission of mercy! The cottage was at length reached; it was an old hut, with broken windows.

"Does widow Long live here?" I asked of a strange-looking man who came to the door.

"Yes! first door at the right hand, at the head of the stairs."

Those narrow, rickety stair-cases: how plainly I seem to see them now!

Rapping at the door, a feeble voice said, "Come in!" I entered, and what a scene! All alone, on her lowly, thinly-covered cot, lay the aged woman, helpless from pain and age, with no food, no fire, and the snow, sifted by the winds through the loose windows, had fallen on the floor. This was a new scene to me, brought up, as I had been, in the midst of plenty. My heart was deeply touched.

"Here are some things my mother sent you," said I, showing the basket.

"Oh, thank the Lord!" she said, lifting her hands in deep feeling. "How good he is to raise me up such a friend, and how kind your mother is to send these things! And I need them so much *just now*. But our heavenly Father knows what we need, and the best time to give it to us. Last night I lay here so cold and faint, without food, and no one to help. It seemed as if I should starve. But I called on my Saviour, and late in the evening, the man who lives below, a poor, drinking man, came in with some wood, and made me up a fire, and got me a good bowl of porridge. He could not do much for me, he is so poor himself, but it was so strange that *he* should do it. Oh, it was the Lord's doings, and I praise him for it!"

"I have brought some wood for you, too," said I; "and it is at the door; let me get it and make you a fire."

"Thank you! thank you!"

That scene of poverty and piety had wrought a sudden change in my feelings,

and I hastened for the wood, with mingled emotions of self-reproach for my hard-hearted neglect, and joy in being able to do anything for one so pious and so needy. That face—calm, trustful, grateful, even amid the sufferings of dying old age and the discomfort of the gloomy chamber—beamed on me like a star amid thick darkness.

As the fire threw its faint warmth over the room, the aged woman called me to her bedside, to thank me again and again for what I had done. "I cannot reward you," said she, with falling tears; "but God can!" Then she prayed—oh, how fervently—that I might "grow up to be a pious man, and through faith in Jesus Christ become an heir of heaven." Is it strange if the prayer of such a one, at such a time, moved the soul of the wayward boy? Never, in after life, could he listen to the tale of want without the stirrings of sorrow, and the desire to afford timely relief.

CHARLIE WHITE'S STORY.

I NEVER shall forget that bright autumn Sabbath. By our clock it wanted but a few minutes of the time for Sabbath-school, and I was waiting in the hall for my sister Annie. "Do hurry, Annie," I called. "Yes, Charlie," and the next minute she came running down the stairs, her sweet face rosy and smiling, and her curls floating loosely from under the pretty hat she wore. Annie was a dear little girl, my only sister, and I loved her very much: she was about two years younger than myself, and I was but twelve. Annie was a gentle, thoughtful child, never so gay and giddy as myself; but, indeed, in those days I cared more for play than almost any thing else. Well, I took the Bibles and Hymn books to carry for Annie, and we were just about starting for Sabbath-school, when mother opened the parlour door, and called to us; I can almost hear her sweet voice yet: "Charlie, Annie, as you go along, have this in mind, 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.'"

"Yes, mother," we both answered; but as we were walking down the road, (for our home was in the country,) I said to my sister, "Mother tells us that nearly every Sabbath; just those very words—I do wonder why!"

"Because, Charlie, she is so afraid we will forget this is God's day; I'm sure it makes her sorry when we do, for it is wicked, and God will be angry with us."

"Well now, Annie, just you see, I *will* keep this day holy; when we get to the school-house, I am going right in; I won't stop a minute with the boys on the steps; oh, I shall be so good!" So I spoke, and so I *meant* to do, but I had not then learned that resolutions made in our own strength are weak and fleeting. It was a beautiful day, and going through the woods, in that cheery sunshine, I forgot my mother's counsel; I forgot to keep the Sabbath day holy, and heedless of Annie's pleading looks, I darted off on a chase after two squirrels. They soon got beyond my reach, and I came back

to Annie's side, but it was only to pick up the crimson leaves which lay in our path, and shower them over her.

"Now, Charlie, you have forgotten what mother said to you."

I interrupted her, roughly; "Do let me alone: I am older than you are, and can get along without your preaching;" so the gentle little girl walked along, in silence, by my side, and I saw that she was troubled. Soon we came in sight of the creek; it was swollen and high, by reason of the many heavy rains, the week before, and the water was but a little below the great logs which served as a bridge for the country people. Now, our way was not *across* this creek; the path which led to the school-house only lay by it, and if I had heeded my mother's counsel, and God's commands, I would have gone right on with Annie, and not stopped by the water. But I was a simple, foolish child, and therefore obeyed the promptings of my own wicked heart.

"Oh, the creek! why, Annie, it is just

like a river! I haven't been down here since the rain;" and without heeding my sister, who begged me not to stop, I ran on the logs: "whew! but the water does sweep along; I must send some boats down," and I picked up a couple of chips, and flung them in.

"You are doing very wrong, Charlie; you are playing on God's day, and he will be angry with you for it, and mother will be sorry,—please come off those logs and let us go to Sabbath-school."

"In a minute, Annie; I will just throw one more chip;" but I threw another and another, and Annie stood on the bank, vainly pleading with me to leave my sport.

"Just come on the logs, Annie, and see the water."

"Oh, no! I am afraid, and then it is wrong."

"You little coward, what are you afraid of? just give me your hand: oh, come, Annie: please do, and then I will go right straight with you to Sabbath-school—indeed

I will." Annie hesitated. "Come, now, what *can* be the harm in just throwing some chips into the water? but I will stop if you come just for a little bit, and I will go then to the school;" and I urged Annie until she unwillingly yielded, and holding by my hand, came slowly to the middle of the rude log bridge; but she seemed to take very little pleasure looking at my boats.

"Throw one yourself, Annie."

"I can't; indeed, Charles, we are breaking the Sabbath; I am so unhappy; let me go off the log—my head is getting giddy, too: please take me to the bank again." But I only laughed at her; then, while I still lingered at my foolish sport, Annie left me, and walked along the log. Then I heard a great splash and a scream—"Oh, Charlie! Charlie!" I saw that I was alone on the log, and I knew that Annie had fallen into the water: soon she rose, her little hands stretched out toward me. When I saw her, I sprang like a mad boy, into the creek; but the waters were strong and

high, and they swept me away from my sister. Annie's hat, with its bright pink ribbon, floated away from her head, and when she rose again, I saw her long yellow curls hanging wildly about her. I knew a little about swimming, but what could so young a boy as I do in that terribly swollen creek? I struck out toward Annie, and when she came up again I caught her, and she clung to me tightly. But with her weight, I was not strong enough to swim; I could not fight against the waters, they were too mighty for me. Then I knew we must both die, and I gave one wild scream; but as we sank, I faintly saw two figures rushing down upon the log, and after this I knew no more. * * * *

I seemed to wake as from an ugly dream, and there I was, at home, in my mother's room; a great many people were about me; I saw my mother, pale and looking frightened, sitting beside me. Dr. May was talking to my father, and when I opened my eyes, they both spoke to me, but I could not

hear their words distinctly—there seemed to be such a ringing in my ears. A little pale figure lay quietly beside me ; I knew it was my sister—but whether living or dead, I could not tell—and when, at last, I could speak, I moaned out her name, “ Annie ;” I could not say another word.

“ She is safe, Charlie ! you both are spared to me ; God in heaven, I thank thee for this mercy !” and my poor mother leaned her head down upon the pillow, and cried heartily.

Annie was living, then ; and with this knowledge I fell into a deep, quiet sleep ; and when, an hour after, we both awoke, and Annie saw me, she put her dear arms around my neck, and both of us burst out a crying ; we were too weak to say anything to each other. The next day, when mother sat beside us, with her work, I told her all ; how wicked I had been, breaking God’s commandment so foolishly.

“ The last thing you said to us, mother, was, ‘ Remember the Sabbath day to keep

it holy,' and I knew all the time, I was doing wrong; it was every bit my fault; dear little Annie was not to blame at all; but how were we saved?" Then mother told us that Mr. Ellis and Dr. May were passing through the woods, on their way to Sabbath-school, when they heard my cry, and saw Annie and myself struggling in the water; as they were both strong men, with kind, brave hearts, they plunged in and saved us; and when we were taken from the water, they thought there was no life in Annie. How mother cried when she told us this!

"And now, Charlie and Annie, God, in his great mercy, has given you back to us, from the very gates of death, it seems; what a call is this for you to love and serve him, and keep all his commandments!"

"I am sure, mother," I said, "I will never again break this one, 'Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.'"

She shook her head, sadly; "Do not say that in your own strength, my dear boy;

pray for grace and help to keep you from the sin of Sabbath-breaking, and, indeed, every other thing displeasing to God. Ask him to give you a new heart, and then you will love to obey his commandments."

"Let us ask him now, mother," said Annie, and she slid down from her pillows to the floor.

So my mother knelt with us, and the prayer she offered for her rescued children was very sweet and fervent; it seemed to go straight from her heart to heaven. Annie and I never forgot it.

Long ago all these things happened, but they have never left my mind. And often, when I was tempted to forget God's commands, to break his holy Sabbath, I looked back, and saw again that terrible creek, and Annie's pale face and long golden curls rising from the depths of the waters; I felt her little hands clinging to me; and when I remembered all this, I saw it was done in mercy that God had sent that warning upon me to keep me from becoming a

Sabbath breaker; and it *was* blessed to Annie's heart and mine. The lesson learned at the peril of life was never forgotten by either.

LITTLE AGNES,

OR THE LUXURY OF DOING GOOD.

"For what purpose under the sun was I born?" exclaimed Charles Craven, as, taking his cigar from his lips, and shaking the ashes into the grate, near which he was sitting, he threw himself back wearily in his chair.

"Why, to enjoy life, and indulge in day-dreams," said his friend, who had been breakfasting with him at his hotel. "What an idea, for a man born under your lucky star, enjoying an income of five thousand a year, and no one to support but himself! Here you can sit the long day through, reading the last new novel, or watching the graceful smoke-wreaths of your cigar, and

weaving airy fancies from the loom of imagination ; while I, poor wretch that I am, must bear the curse pronounced upon all the sons of Adam, and obtain my bread by the sweat of my brow, in the daily drudgery of book-keeping. In your situation, I should be completely happy."

"And yet, believe me, you are the happier man of the two. And let me tell you," turning to him with more than his usual seriousness, "never to envy one, however independent in his circumstances, who has no ostensible occupation. I have often thought that I should have known more of content, if I had been compelled to earn my daily bread. A constant sense of one's uselessness in the world, is depressing, and renders life almost a burden."

"But you can pass your time as you please."

"Yes, but one wearies of one's self. Where there is necessity for exertion, the leisure moments for recreation have a zest ; but I assure you the hours drag heavily where one has his whole time for pleasure."

"Oh, that ever a man should complain of that!" said his friend, rising and laughing heartily; "but my hour has come."

"You do not fully understand all the phases of human nature yet," said Craven, returning his smile; and with a cordial shake of the hand, they parted at the door.

"Please sir, buy some of my cigar-lighters," said a timid little girl at his elbow, "they are only three cents a dozen," and she held up a basket, filled with packages of a dozen each, of bright coloured papers, rolled into gracefully tapering, torch-shaped lighters.

He turned toward the child, and the fragile little figure, so scantily clad on that chill wintry day—the little bare hands, blue and trembling with the cold—and above all, the pale wan face, from which a pair of sweet blue eyes looked out upon a world, to her, so sad and cheerless—touched his heart.

He drew her toward the fire, and then took up a package, and dropped two bright half-dollars into the basket of the child.

She looked at them for a moment, raised her little modest, timid face to his, with a gaze of wonder; and then, as if her gratitude had no words to express itself, she sunk down and, clasping his knees, burst into a flood of tears.

"My poor child," he said with astonishment, while his own eyes were moistened with emotion, "what have I done? do not be so grateful for so little."

"So little! Oh, sir!" and she buried her face in her hands through which the tears were streaming.

He raised her, and drew her once more toward the fire to warm her shivering limbs, and when she became calmer, he said, "Tell me, why do you cry, my poor child?"

"Oh, sir, we are all so hungry! mother and little brothers are almost dying for bread, and it seems as if—as if God had touched your heart for us."

He dashed away a tear without speaking, and then questioned her more minutely. It was the first time that she had engaged

in her present occupation, and she had been, through all that cold morning, walking the streets with her basket on her arm, and had sold but one package of her papers. Nobody heeded her, as they hurried on, intent on business or pleasure. The little, timid, shrinking child was overlooked, and none knew her anguish as she thought of her suffering mother, now too ill to work; and the little brothers, too young even to beg. At last, she ventured into the hotel where the door stood open, and she was "sure" she said, "that her heavenly Father had sent her there. Mother was crying when she came away, but now she would not cry any more."

By still further inquiries he learned that her father had died six months since, with slow typhus fever; that shortly after his burial, her mother was taken ill with the same disease. When she recovered so as to be able to sit up, the money was all gone for their expenses in sickness, and one article after another had been sold to pro-

cure food, until they were now in a state of utter destitution. For want of proper nourishment, her mother recovered very slowly, and now she had only strength to cut and roll up these little papers, which the child of ten years old was sent out to dispose of.

What a rush of remorseful feeling came over the heart of the listener, as he heard, not without tears, these sorrowful details, related with childish and affecting simplicity! He recalled with bitterness his wasted hours, when he might have been relieving distress, and the wasted money which had been expended in idle and selfish gratifications. Charles Craven was not cold or heartless; he was young, thoughtless, and having never penetrated into the abodes of poverty, he had never witnessed, and therefore could not realize, the sufferings of extreme destitution. Now his heart was touched, and deeply so; and he hesitated not to obey at once its generous impulses.

In a few minutes, the little girl, with her

basket of cigar-lighters on her arm, was hurrying along through the bustle of Broadway, by the side of the elegant and fashionably-dressed young man, who had wondered an hour before, for what purpose he could have been born. The almost shoeless little feet were tripping back more lightly than they came, to show her benefactor the way to her wretched home.

"We will stop here a moment," he said, as they arrived in front of a store where warm woolen articles were for sale; and when they issued forth, the little cold hands were covered with a pair of warm mittens; two pair more were in her basket for her little brothers,—warm hose for each, and some for mother; and the happiness of the child was so manifest, that his own heart grew the lighter for it. Then came a shoe-store, and the childish feet pattered more noisily than before. Next they entered a bakery, where, after supplying the child abundantly, he ordered a well-filled basket to follow for the sufferers; but he could not

speak for the gathering tears when the little creature, whose tearful eyes glistened at the sight of food, and who was evidently suffering the pangs of hunger, refused to taste a crumb until she reached home, "because mother and little brothers were so hungry."

After various turnings and windings, they arrived finally at a narrow alley, and he followed the happy child into a dark and contracted door-way, and up two flights of broken and trembling stairs, to a low room in the attic. He paused outside the door, while she rushed in, exclaiming breathlessly,—“Oh, mother! such a good gentleman as I have found!” and he heard the kiss she imprinted on her mother’s cheek, and the chink of the two half dollars as they fell into her hand. He heard the sudden, but feeble exclamation: “My child, who gave you these?” and after the little one’s reply, a sob as if a heart were breaking. “Don’t cry! don’t cry! dear mother, you will make him sorry.” “Is he here, darling? Ask him to come in, my child.” Surprised at

the tone—for it was the voice of one who had seen better days—in that abode of misery, he entered; but he stood horror-stricken, appalled at the scene before him. So utterly overcome was he, that he seemed deprived of the power of utterance.

Upon a low, miserable bed in one corner, propped up by a broken chair, partially concealed by an old coverlet, was the wasted figure of a woman, apparently of middle age, with features so pinched by hunger as to give her almost the appearance of a breathing corpse. Upon the comfortless bed lay the strips of coloured paper which had been given to her children, and which she had hardly strength to twist together, while the hands themselves, so thin and fleshless, seemed scarcely those of a living creature. Two little boys, one apparently of two, the other of four years, lay, the one across the foot of the mother's bed, the other upon the floor, sleeping from exhaustion, but seemingly lifeless, so attenuated were they; and their features so sharpened

by starvation that it seemed as if age had already stamped itself upon the forms of childhood. On another side of the low room was an open fireplace, with a few embers just perceptible; not a chair, not a table, not an indication of anything to sustain life, nothing to redeem the cheerless abode from an aspect of utter misery and desolation. He had read of poverty, he had heard of wretchedness, but never had his eye beheld, or his heart conceived anything like this. There was nothing to disgust the most sensitive, for everything had been kept scrupulously clean by the zealous child whose efforts had been untiring, but there was everything to pain a feeling heart. He stood like one petrified, and was silent, though his heart was full to overflowing.

"You are not accustomed to a scene like this, sir," said the poor sufferer, perceiving his emotion, "and I fear that it is painful to you." His lip quivered, and he had difficulty to command his voice, as he said, briefly, "You must have suffered much."

"God only knows *how* much, sir,"—and as she turned aside her face, he saw the trembling lip and the starting tears.

There was something in the accent and manner of the mother, as well as of the child, which spoke of better days; and notwithstanding the utter destitution around them, there was nothing of the squalidness and degradation which too often accompany the extremes of poverty.

"How long," he asked, "have you been in this abode of wretchedness?"

"Only one week; the landlord finding that I had disposed of everything, and that he would be unable to obtain his rent, dismissed us from his tenement on one of the severest days of the season, and sent us here. Could I have obtained sufficient, or healthful food, my strength would have been somewhat restored; but as it was, I was utterly incapable of exertion."

His heart sunk within him as he mentally ejaculated, "God forgive me, that in my luxury and indolence I have wasted that

which would have made this a happy household!" He made a few more inquiries prompted by sympathy and kindness, but remained not long, for no time was to be lost in inaction. The little Agnes hastened, with a thankful heart, to unload the heavy basket which just then arrived from the bakery, while her mother burst into tears, and said,

"God bless you, sir; you have never known the pangs of hunger, and you do not know the suffering you have relieved."

The little ones were awakened from their slumbers to partake of his bounty, and he hastened away. Before night-fall, fuel and substantial food were abundantly supplied to them, and that night the three little fatherless ones knelt down around the bed of the grateful mother, and after offering thanks to God for his goodness, earnestly prayed for his blessing upon their benefactor.

And what were the thoughts of Charles Craven as he lay down to his slumbers,

after the unwonted exertions of the day? that day which was to prove the turning point in his existence. It was long before sleep visited his eye-lids, for his heart was busy with the past. How had he wasted time and opportunities which might have been improved in doing good! He had wondered, that day, for what he was born, and the question seemed answered. God had given him the means, and now the way had been pointed out to him, not only of advancing the welfare of others, but of laying up for himself substantial and lasting happiness.

With a thousand schemes of future usefulness and plans for philanthropic effort, becoming more shadowy and undefined as slumber asserted its empire over his senses, he fell asleep, and in his dreams once more beheld the desolate home, and the wan faces of its inmates; but suddenly, as by the wand of the magician, the scene changed, and that abode became one of peace and plenty, while the little Agnes in youth

and beauty hovered over it, as a spirit of joy and love,—“the angel of the household.”

Earlier than usual he rose on the following morning, and with the influence of his dream still upon his mind, resolved to create from it a firm and substantial reality.

THE TWO FALLS.

“FATHER, have you heard the news?” said James Warren to his father, soon after his return from a journey which kept him from home nearly a week.

“I have heard of several things which have taken place during my absence. I do not know to what particular event you refer.”

“Have you heard of Mr Allen’s fall?”

“No, I have not.”

“Well, Mr. Hine had a raising—his new barn on the hill you know—and there were

a great many men there, and when they had the frame all up, and were putting on the rafters, Mr. Allen was standing on the highest beam, I believe they call it the plate, and he fell off and struck his head on a stone and cut a great hole in it. When they took him up, he appeared to be dead. He didn't move, and I could not see that he breathed, and the blood run a stream. Mr. Halsey ran for the doctor, and met him in the road just after he started. The doctor bound up his head with a handkerchief, and they took him home. He is getting well now. It happened the day after you went away."

"How did he come to fall?"

"Well, they had a good deal of rum, though they didn't drink much, till the frame was all up—all but the rafters. Then they sat down in the shade, and some of them drank a good deal, and then they got up, and said they would put on the rafters in a hurry. Mr. Allen was standing on the plate, and some men below were passing a rafter

up to him, and he swore at them because they were so slow about it, and as soon as he got hold of it, he gave it a sudden pull and lost his balance and fell."

"It seems that rum did the mischief."

"Some said he had drunk too much, and some said he had not. I saw him drink a good deal, and his face looked very red, and he talked rather silly before he went up the last time."

"If he drank at all, he drank too much. Strange that men will be so insane as to furnish poison on an occasion requiring a cool mind and steady nerves. You say Allen is getting well."

"Yes, sir, he walks about the house, with his head all muffled up."

"It is a wonder he was not killed; he must have fallen between twenty and thirty feet."

"Yes, sir, and his head struck on a stone."

"What if the blow had been fatal! He would have entered the presence of his Judge with profane language upon his lips. I

hope Allen will take warning, and for the future abstain from intoxicating drinks."

"I don't think he will, sir, for yesterday, as I passed, he was looking out of the window, and Mr. Rice was going by—Mr. Rice was not at the raising—and he asked Mr. Allen, with a laugh, if he didn't want some more of the *creature*; and he said he did."

"Poor fellow, I am afraid he is destined to a drunkard's grave. You have given me an account of a sad fall; I will give you an account of one which came to my knowledge during my absence. I saw a young man who is the son of an early friend of mine, who aided me to start in business, and who was in all respects the most amiable of men."

"Was he glad to see you?"

"I do not think he was. His father took a great deal of pains with him in childhood, and hoped to make him an ornament of society. Edward was regarded as a very promising boy by all who knew him. He was very polite and respectful in his behaviour

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toward all persons, and thus won their esteem. When he was seventeen or eighteen, his father told him he might go to college or become a merchant. He chose the latter, and was sent to the city and placed in the counting-house of an eminent merchant. He soon made himself popular with his fellow-clerks, and gained the confidence of his employers. In due time, he was admitted to a partnership in the concern, and was on the high road to fortune. In the mean time he had extended his acquaintance, and formed habits which he thought were justified by his increasing gains.

“ When he left home, his father earnestly enjoined it upon him to abstain wholly from intoxicating drinks, and from all games of chance, and especially from cards. The former injunction he strictly obeyed, though his singularity was the occasion of some remarks. For some time he refused all invitations to play cards, but after he had become introduced to the society of ladies with whom cards were a never-failing source of amuse-

ment, he learned the game, that he might be qualified to take his place in the circle in which he desired to move. He played only for amusement, or rather for the amusement of others; for he did not feel at first any considerable interest in the game. Having become somewhat skilled in the game, he played with his companions in his own room; at first, for mere amusement, and then for small stakes. Step by step he went on, till one morning he awoke with the dreadful consciousness that he was a desperate gambler, and that he had lost a large amount of funds which had been placed in his hands to meet the liabilities of the firm.

"The money must be had that day, or his reputation was gone. He forged a note for the amount, and by that means, raised the money. The note was taken up before it became due, by means of another forgery, and he went on thus for more than a year before detection. He was then arrested. He first made an attempt to escape from the office, and failing to do so attempted to commit

suicide. They then put him in irons, in which condition I saw him."

"Did you say anything to him?"

"Yes; I spoke kindly to him for his father's sake, and asked him if I could do anything for him. He said I could not, and that he supposed he must make up his mind to spend the rest of his days in the State's Prison. That was a fall, my son, more dreadful than a fall from the top of a building."

"If he had let cards alone, he would not have fallen."

"It was yielding by degrees in what he regarded as a small matter, that he was brought, in the end, to so unhappy a pass."

"Are there not a great many persons who think there is no harm in cards?"

"Yes, there are a great many persons who think there is no harm in a moderate use of ardent spirits; but we know that in both cases the general tendency is to evil. I do not say that it is wrong to taste alcohol, but if one never tastes it, he will never become a drunkard. I do not say that is wrong to

play a game of cards for amusement, but if a man never plays cards or games of chance, he will never become a gambler. I have known quite a number of young men who began with cards for amusement and ended by becoming gamblers. Edward's father was wise, therefore, when he directed his son to abstain wholly from that amusement. I hope that my own son will never acquire a knowledge of the game. There are many things of which we should not be ashamed to be ignorant."

THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG'S REVENGE.

THE American brig Cecilia, Capt. Symmes, on one of her voyages, had on board a splendid specimen of Newfoundland breed, named Napoleon; and his magnificent size and proportions, his intelligent head, broad white chest, white feet, and white tipped tail, the rest of his glossy body being black, made

him as beautiful as his peerless namesake, who, no doubt, would have been proud to possess him.

He was owned by a seaman named Lancaster, who was, naturally enough, extremely fond of him.

Capt. Symmes, however, was not partial to animals of any kind, and had an unaccountable and specific repugnance to dogs, as much so, indeed, as if all his ancestors had died of hydrophobia, and he dreaded to be bitten like his unfortunate predecessors.

This dislike he one day developed in a most shocking manner, for as Napoleon had several times entered his room, and by wagging his great banner of a tail, knocked paper and ink off his desk, on the next occasion, the captain seized a knife and cut half of the poor animal's tail off.

The dog's yell brought his master to the spot, and seeing the calamity and the author of it, without a moment's hesitation, he felled Capt. Symmes to the floor with a

sledge-hammer blow, which, had it hit the temple, would have for ever prevented the captain from cutting off any more dogs' tails.

The result was that Lancaster was put into irons, from which, however, he was soon released. Capt. Symmes partly repented his cruel deed, on learning that Napoleon had once saved the owner's life.

The white shark, as all my nautical friends are well aware, is one of the very largest of sharks. It averages over twenty, and I have seen one twenty-seven and a half feet in length. It is generally considered to be the fiercest and most formidable of all sharks.

One morning, as the captain was standing on the bowsprit, he lost his footing and fell overboard, the Cecilia then running about ten knots.

"Man overboard! Captain Symmes overboard!" was the cry, and all rushed to get out the boat as they saw the swimmer striking out for the brig, which was at once

rounded to ; and as they felt especially apprehensive on account of the white sharks in those waters, they regarded his situation with the most painful solicitude.

By the time the boat touched the water, their worst fears were realized ; for at some distance beyond the swimmer, they beheld advancing upon him the fish most dreaded in those waters !

"Hurry ! hurry ! men ! or we shall be too late !" exclaimed the mate. "What's that ?"

The splash that caused this inquiry was occasioned by the plunge of Napoleon into the sea, the noble animal having been watching the cause of the tumult from the bow of the vessel. He had noticed the captain's fall and the shout, and for a few moments had vented his feelings in deep growls, as if conscious of the peril of his late enemy, and gratified at it.

His growls, however, were soon changed into those whines of sympathy which so often show the attachment of dog to man when the latter is in danger. At last he

plunged, and rapidly making his way to the now nearly exhausted captain, who, aware of his double danger, and being but a passable swimmer, made fainter and fainter strokes, while his adversary closed rapidly upon him.

"Pull, boys, for dear life!" was the shout of the mate, as the boat now followed the dog, whose huge limbs propelled him gallantly to the scene of danger.

Slowly the fatigued swimmer made his way, while ever and anon his head sank in the waves, and behind him the back of the voracious animal told what fearful progress he was making; while Lancaster in the bow of the boat stood with a knife in his upraised hand, watching alternately the captain and his pursuer, and the faithful animal who had saved his own life. "What a noble swimmer!" exclaimed the men who marked the speed of the splendid animal. "The shark will have one or both, if we don't do our best?"

The scene was one of short duration. Ere

the boat could overtake the dog, the enormous shark had arrived in three oars' length of the captain, and suddenly turned over on his back, preparatory to darting on the sinking man, and receiving him in his vast jaws, which now displayed their rows of long triangular teeth.

The wild shriek of the captain announced that the crisis had come. But now Napoleon, as if inspired with increased strength, had also arrived, and with a fearful howl leaped upon the gleaming belly of the shark, and buried his teeth in the monster's flesh, while the boat swiftly neared them.

"Saved! if we're half as smart as that dog is!" cried the mate, as all saw the voracious monster shudder in the sea, and smarting with pain, turn over again, the dog retaining his hold, and becoming submerged in the water.

At this juncture the boat arrived, and Lancaster, his knife in his teeth, plunged into the water where the captain had also sunk from view.

But a few seconds elapsed ere the dog rose to the surface, and soon after, Lancaster, with the insensible form of the captain.

"Pull them in, and give me an oar," cried the mate, "for that fellow is prepared for another launch."

His orders were obeyed, and the second onset of the monster was foiled by the mate's splashing water in his eyes, as he came again, and but a few seconds too late to snap off the captain's legs, while his body was drawn into the boat.

Foiled a second time, the shark passed the boat, plunged, and was seen no more; but left a track of blood on the surface of the water, a token of the severity of his wounds received from Napoleon.

The boat was now pulling toward the brig, and not many hours elapsed before the captain was on deck again, feeble from his efforts, but able to appreciate the services of our canine hero, and most bitterly to lament his own cruel act which mutilated him forever.

"I would give my right arm," he exclaimed, as he patted the Newfoundland who stood by his side, "if I could repair the injury that I have done to that splendid fellow. Lancaster, you are now fully avenged, and so is he, and a most christian vengeance it is, though it will be a source of grief to me as long as I live."

PETER THE PEASANT—A TRIAL OF INTEGRITY.

PETER was the son of an honest French peasant, who lived on the banks of the Moselle. When he was eighteen years of age, his father was obliged to send him to Paris, to gain his livelihood as a carpenter. "Poverty," said the old man, "imposes upon us painful separations. You go to Paris to find work; you will be exposed to many temptations; but remember the lesson of your mother, who has always shown you an example

of virtue; that though you are parted from your earthly parents, you have a Father in heaven. I have lived sixty years in our village, and no one could ever blame me for a dishonest or dishonourable action. Peter, my son, you must not shame your parentage! Adieu!"

And so saying the old man took a hasty embrace, and Peter, with a rather heavy heart, set out on his route to Paris. He turned more than once to take a farewell look at his native village; and when the church spire only was visible, he took off his hat, and reverently bending his knee as he looked toward the spot where he had been taught to worship the Saviour, he besought him to give him strength to persevere to the end.

At length Peter arrived at Paris; the journey had nearly exhausted his stock of money; but he carried a letter of recommendation to a master carpenter, who immediately employed him. He was young but he was willing, and he soon gained what enabled him to send presents to his parents, and to his little sister Marie.

But God saw it good to try Peter with adversity. His master was ruined by some unforeseen misfortunes, and all his workmen were dismissed. Poor Peter!—He could send no more presents to his cottage home; and that was the first thought that grieved him.

Confidence in God, however, was unbounded, and God rewarded his confidence by putting it to a hard proof; his faith was to be strengthened and purified in the school of misfortune. One day that he had traversed the streets of Paris, seeking in vain for work, he became very faint as he crossed the Tuilleries, and had just time to throw himself on a chair, or he would have fallen to the earth. The woman who kept the chairs did not perceive him; he might have gone away without paying, and he was very poor; but he said to himself, "If the woman lack vigilance, that is no reason why I should lack probity; God sees me, that is enough." And he called the woman and gave her two sous. As he pursued his way,

he was overtaken by an omnibus, when suddenly a wheel gave way, and down it came with a tremendous crash. A man who was passing at the moment was thrown down and severely hurt. Peter raised him up and assisted him into a cabriolet which stood near.

Scarcely had he driven off when Peter observed a piece of paper on the ground, and picking it up, found an order for five hundred francs.

"How can I return this to the owner?" was the first thought that passed through his mind.

"Where are you going with that dreamy look?" asked the voice of James, one of his late fellow workmen, who lodged in the same house with him.

Peter had always been reserved with this man, for he knew little of him; and his father had warned him not to make acquaintance too hastily. "No work to be found yet, eh?" continued James.

"You know Paris," said Peter; "could you

tell me how I can discover the owner of something I have found?"

"What!" said James, "would you look for the owner of what fortune has thrown in your way? Is it a ring or a watch? Do you fear discovery?"

"No," said Peter, "but I fear God, and must restore what does not belong to me."

"What have you found?" said James.

"A bill, for five hundred francs," replied Peter.

"Good," said James, "some gambler has lost it as he came out of the gambling house, or some rich merchant has dropped it out of his pocket-book; you would be a great fool not to keep it."

"It is not mine," said Peter.

"At any rate you are entitled to a hand some reward for finding it."

Peter went straight to the bank, but it was shut for the day; and when he returned to his lodgings, he found James had told his landlord that he had met with some good fortune; and the man immediately attacked

him and insisted on being paid for the last month's lodging. Poor Peter! He had nothing but the five hundred francs! The suggestion of James came to his mind: "It is doubtless the money of some rich man who will never miss it." Alas! Poor Peter!

Meanwhile M. Bonard, who had lost the order, was a prey to the deepest distress. When he was thrown down by the omnibus, he had the billet in his hand; but the pain he suffered from the fall made him forget everything, and it was not until he got out of the cabriolet that he missed the money. He was the owner of a shop, the rent of which was due next day, and having lately experienced heavy losses, he had no more money to pay, for he had drawn from the bank his last five hundred francs. With what sorrow did he look at his wife and children! He durst not tell them his loss; but they soon saw that something untoward had occurred, and at length he was obliged to confess the truth. "Some honest person may yet find it," he said.

"The will of God be done!" replied his wife. "You have been saved from an accident which might have cost your life, and every other evil seems light in comparison."

The next day, toward twelve o'clock, a knocking was heard at the door. "Ah!" said M. Bonard, "it is our landlord, I fear, and there is no money to give him."

His wife with trembling hand opened the door; for a moment her confidence in God had failed her. It was not the landlord; it was a friend who had been sent as a forlorn hope to the bank, and who had there found Peter, who now accompanied him, and presented the five hundred francs to the delighted and grateful family.

"I cannot conceal from you," said Peter, "that I had some temptation to retain the money, and I do not deserve the applauses you bestow on my honesty."

"You do deserve them," said Madame Bonard, "no one need be ashamed of a temptation overcome."

"Thank God I did overcome it," said

Peter. "I should have fallen had I not remembered, 'What will it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' and all the lessons of our good minister came back to my mind so forcibly; that the temptation vanished."

"Your honesty has been tried," said the friend of Bonard, "and I have no hesitation in recommending you to be porter in the bank where you but now returned the billet. The situation is a lucrative one, and if you continue to behave as you have hitherto done, your advancement is certain. 'Do what is good and thy reward will not linger.'"

A PENNY.

THIRTY years ago there was seen to enter the city of London, a lad about fourteen years of age. He was dressed in a dark smock-frock, that hid all his under apparel, and which appeared to have been made for

a person evidently taller than the wearer. His boots were covered with dust from the high road. He had an old hat with a black band, which contrasted strangely with the covering of his head. A small bundle, fastened to the end of a stick and thrown over his shoulder, was the whole of his equipment. As he approached the Mansion House, he paused to look at the building, and seating himself on the steps at one of the doors, he was about to rest himself; but the coming in and going out of half-a-dozen persons before he had time to finish untying his bundle, made him leave that spot for the open space, where the doors were in part closed.

Having taken from the bundle a large quantity of bread and cheese, which he seemed to eat with a ravenous appetite, he amused himself with all the eager curiosity of one unaccustomed to see similar sights.

The appearance of the youth soon attracted my curiosity, and gently opening the door, I stood behind him without his being

in the least conscious of my presence. He now began rummaging his pockets, and after a great deal of trouble, brought out a roll of paper, which he opened. After satisfying himself that a large copper coin was safe, he carefully put it back again, saying to himself, in a low tone, "Mother, I will remember your last words, 'a penny saved is two-pence earned.' It shall go hard with me before I part with you, my old friend."

Pleased with this remark, I gently touched the lad on the shoulder. He started, and was about to move away, when I said—

"My good lad, you seem tired, and likewise a stranger in the city."

"Yes, sir," he answered, putting his hand to his hat. He was again about to move forward.

"You need not hurry away, my boy," I observed. "Indeed, if you are a stranger, and willing to work, I can perhaps help you to get what you require."

The boy stood mute with astonishment, and colouring to such an extent as to show

all the freckles of a sunburnt face, stammered out—

“Yes, sir.

“I wish to know,” I added, with all the kindness of manner I could assume, “whether you are anxious to find work, for I want a boy to assist my coachman.”

The poor lad twisted and twirled his bundle about, and after placing his hand to his head, managed to utter an awkward answer, and said he would be very thankful.

I mentioned not a word about what I had overheard with regard to the penny, but inviting him into the house, I sent for the coachman, to whose care I entrusted the new comer.

Nearly a month had passed after this meeting and conversation had occurred, when I resolved to make some inquiries of the coachman, regarding the conduct of the lad.

“A better boy never came into the house, sir; and as for wasting anything, bless me, sir, I know not where he has been brought

up, but I really believe he would consider it a sin if he did not give the crumbs of bread to the birds every morning."

"I am glad to hear so good an account," I replied.

"And as for his good nature, sir, there is not a servant among us that doesn't speak well of Joseph. He reads to us while we sup, and he writes all our letters for us. Oh, sir, he has got more learning than all of us put together; and what's more, he doesn't mind work, and never talks about our secrets after he writes our letters."

Determined to see Joseph myself, I requested the coachman to send him to the parlour.

"I understand, Joseph, that you can read and write."

"Yes, sir, thanks to my poor dead mother."

"You have lately lost your mother, then?"

"A month that very day when you were kind enough to take me into your house, an unprotected orphan," answered Joseph.

"Where did you go to school?"

"Sir, my mother had been a widow ever since I can remember. She was a daughter of the village school-master, and having to maintain me and herself, with her needle, she took the opportunity of her leisure moments to teach me not only how to read and write, but to cast up accounts."

"And did she give you that penny which I saw you unroll so carefully at the door?"

Joseph stood amazed, but at length replied with great emotion, while a tear stood in his eye—

"Yes, sir, it was the very last penny she gave me."

"Well, Joseph, so satisfied am I with your conduct that not only do I pay to you a month's wages willingly for the time you have been here, but I must beg of you to fulfil the duties of collecting clerk to our firm, which has become vacant by the death of a very old and faithful assistant."

Joseph thanked me in the most unassuming manner, and I was asked to take care

of his money, since I had promised to provide him with suitable clothing for his new occupation.

It will be unnecessary to relate how, step by step, this poor country lad proceeded to win the confidence of myself and partner. The accounts were always correct to a penny; and whenever his salary became due, he drew out of my hands no more than he absolutely needed even to a penny. At length he had saved a sufficient sum of money to be deposited in the bank.

It so happened that one of our customers, who carried on a successful business, wanted an active partner. This person was of eccentric habits, and considerably advanced in years. Scrupulously just, he looked on every penny, and invariably discharged his workmen, if they were not equally scrupulous in their dealings with him.

Aware of this peculiarity of temper, there was no person I could recommend but Joseph, and after overcoming the repug-

nance of my partner, who was unwilling to be deprived of so valuable an assistant, Joseph was duly received into the firm of Richard Fairbrother & Co. Prosperity attended Joseph in his new undertaking, and never suffering a penny difference to appear in his transactions, he so completely won the confidence of his senior partner, that he left him the whole of his business, as he expressed in his will, "even to the very last penny."

THE LITTLE FACTORY BOY.

IN the town of M—— there are many large cotton factories; and not only are thousands of men and women employed in them, but a great number of children, who work so many hours in the day, that they feel but little inclined for learning to read in the evening. What a blessing for them is a Sabbath-school, and how grateful should they be to the kind people who teach them!

A little boy, whom I will call James, worked in a factory, and on the Sabbath went to a Sabbath-school. He was so attentive and so diligent, that he rose to what was called the New Testament class, the teacher of which was a pious man. Now, there was a rule in that school that the teachers should, at least once a month, speak to the scholars separately; and by this means a teacher became better acquainted with the thoughts and feelings of every one in his class, and knew how to give suitable advice, encouragement, or reproof. Many children have had cause to thank God for this rule, and among them James.

One Sabbath, when about eleven years of age, he was called up, as usual, to his teacher, who, observing that the poor little fellow looked very sad, kindly said, "Well, James, how have you been getting on?"

He hung down his head and made no answer.

Have you prayed during the week?"

inquired the teacher. "You know, James, that I told you what to do. Did you pray the last week in the factory, as I advised you?"

"Yes, sir," said James.

"Well, how is it, James, that you are so cast down to-day? Did you pray at home?"

"Yes, sir; I went up stairs one day at noon, as you told me to do, and prayed to God. And while I was praying, my father came up stairs; and, hearing me praying, he came into the room and beat me very hard, and dragged me down stairs by the hair of my head, and threw me into the street, and cursed and swore very much, and said that he would have no praying there."

Perhaps, my dear readers, I ought to have told you before that James's father was one of those fools who say there is no God. "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God," Ps. xiv. 1. He was a drunkard; and he wished exceedingly that

there was no God to punish him for his wickedness.

In reply to the little boy's sad account, the teacher said, "Well, James, I am very sorry for you. I suppose you have not prayed any more since?"

"Only once since, at the factory," answered James.

"You must continue to pray to God," said the teacher, "and ask him to give you a new heart, and implant a right spirit within you; and God will hear your prayer and bless you, for he has said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not.' Now, James, as your father will not serve God, nor let you serve him, I will tell you what to do. You must take every opportunity, when your father is out, to pray; but when you do so, always pray that God would bless your father, and change his heart. And pray to God to forgive your father, as you have forgiven him. I hope you have forgiven him, have you not?"

"Yes, sir," answered James.

"That is right," said the teacher; "for, except we forgive, we cannot expect God to forgive our sins."

Of course, the young scholar well understood that all prayer must be offered up in the name of our blessed Saviour, Jesus Christ; it is for his sake that prayer is answered. To poor James the wicked conduct of his father was a trial; but in his absence, he used to follow the good teacher's advice, and to go up stairs to pour out his soul in prayer to God.

Some time after the severe beating, I do not know how long, the little boy came home from the factory, as usual, at the dinner hour; and, not finding his father there, retired immediately to the room in which he slept, and kneeling down, began to pray aloud. The man returned unexpectedly, and going up stairs for something he wanted, thought he heard talking; and so he listened. It was his son at prayer. He stood awhile listening, and heard James earnestly imploring God to have mercy upon his father.

"O Lord!" said the child, with fervour, "forgive my wicked father, as I have forgiven him!" This was too much for the father. His heart was touched, God had touched it. He rushed into the room—not as before, to beat poor James—not to drag him down stairs by the hair—Oh, no; he took the astonished boy in his arms, carried him down, and placing him in the middle of the room, desired his wife and all his children to kneel down, and then requested the boy to pray for them.

From this happy day James always prayed in the family. His father not only believed in God, and regularly attended public worship, but deeply repented of his sins. God forgave him for Christ's sake, and changed his heart, filling it with love for his Saviour. I wish I could tell you more about this family; but I only know that the father felt it was his duty to go to the Sabbath-school, and return thanks for the great benefits he owed to the instruction which had been given to his son. No doubt James's prayers and

good example had been a blessing to his brothers and sisters, and perhaps to their mother; for, when speaking to the superintendent, the father said, "I am come to thank you for the benefit I and my family have received through my son's coming to this school."

How grateful and happy must James's teacher have been! I highly respect Sabbath-school teachers. Oh, may this article encourage them to speak faithfully to the dear children God has committed to their care! May they pray much for heavenly wisdom! May the Holy Spirit lead them and their scholars into the way of all truth, and give them a joyful meeting where they shall part no more!

"THOU SHALT NOT STEAL."

ONE bright summer morning, two little boys stood talking together in Mr. Hart's

store. "But it is only a ball of twine," said one; "just the very thing for a top. Mr. Hart will never miss it, and if he does, he won't think we took it."

"Maybe not, Tom," Edward Graham answered; "still, it is stealing, and I will have nothing to do with it; I would not even take a pin which did not belong to me."

Tom Allen burst into a laugh. "How queer you are, Ned! I can't see the harm in such things."

"God has said, 'Thou shalt not steal,' and I am sure that means we must not take *anything* which is our neighbour's, no matter how little it is. I would rather go without a string for my top than steal one for it; indeed I would, Tom."

Just here one of the store-men handed the little boys their parcels, and they went out together, Tom Allen slipping into his pocket the little ball of twine he had spied on the counter, but Edward did not see him.

A few weeks after, Mr. Hart sent word to Edward Graham to call at the store, as he

wished to speak with him. "I do wonder what Mr. Hart can want with me; I can't begin to guess, can you, mother?" No, Mrs. Graham could not; she hoped it might be for some good; and she smoothed Edward's hair, and tied a new black ribbon under his collar, and sent him away, for it was nearly ten o'clock, the hour Mr. Hart had set. When one of the clerks opened the door of Mr. Hart's private counting-room, and told Edward to walk in, he felt a little shy. Mr. Hart was sitting there, and a gentleman with him, a stranger. He had a pleasant face and kind smile. Edward liked him, just at once. "This is Edward Graham, Mr. Grove," said Mr. Hart. "Now, Edward, I will tell you why I sent for you. My friend, here, came to town to-day to find a boy to stand in his store. He told me, beyond all others, he wanted an *honest* boy: at once I thought of you; do you know why?" Edward looked bashfully down upon the floor; he could not guess the reason he had been sent for; there were other boys in town

Mr. Hart knew better than himself, and he murmured, "No, sir." "My dear little fellow, I will tell you, then. I was in the store several days ago, when you and another boy had a conversation about a ball of twine which chanced to be on the counter. I heard all that passed between you, though neither of you saw me. I did not forget it, Edward, as you may know when I told Mr. Grove, if he wanted an honest boy, to try and get you."

"And straws show which way the wind blows," said Mr. Grove, coming forward with a pleasant smile. "Now, my boy, when Mr. Hart told me this little matter of the ball of twine, I felt sure, with him, you would just suit me. You know where Mayfield is; only five miles from here?"

"Yes, sir; I have been there a good many times."

"Well, I live there; and if you agree to go with me, I will have matters so fixed that you can come home to see your mother every few weeks. I will pay you by the month,

and your boarding shall not cost you anything ; you will live with me. What do you say ?”

The boy looked up ; his face was bright with smiles, and yet tears were in his eyes. “ Oh ! sir, you are very, very kind, and I should love to be in your store, but I can’t make up my mind till I know what mother will say.”

“ That is right,” said Mr. Grove, kindly : “ I like to see a boy think of his mother ; and I will just get my hat, and walk down with you to know your mother’s mind. I am sure she is a good woman.”

“ Indeed she is, sir,” spoke Edward blushing ; “ and when, just now, you praised me for being so honest, I wanted to tell you that mother taught me that ; she told me how wicked it was to take anything that did not belong to me, for God had said ‘ Thou shalt not steal,’ and if I broke his commands he would be angry with me.”

“ Honest, from principle,” said Mr. Grove, glancing at his friend ; “ so much the better ;

and now, Edward, I will go with you to your mother's, and see what she thinks about parting with you."

Mrs. Graham was a poor widow, who worked hard to support herself and three little children ; so you may know when Mr. Grove offered so good a situation for Edward, she thankfully agreed to let him go ; but she parted from her boy with many tears ; even the prospect of seeing him every few weeks, could not comfort her heart.

Edward Graham was very happy with Mr. Grove. Each year, as it went by, found him increasing in favour with his employer. He became first clerk in the store, and not long after, Mr. Grove took him into partnership. "I want an honest man," he said, "and I know Edward Graham to be such. When a boy, he would not even take a ball of twine, which was not his own ; and his honesty has grown with his years ; it is the safest kind ; it has been tried in *trifles*."

Yes ; Mr. Grove was right. That honesty which extends to *little* things, is truly safe ;

it can be trusted through life. The child who steals sugar plums and cents, will, in years of manhood, unless checked by God's grace, stretch forth his hands to take his neighbour's gold. Little children, even now, write God's command upon your hearts: "Thou shalt not steal;" practise it in your lives, and then, in after years, you will be loved, trusted, and respected by your fellow-men; and, what is far better, have the approving smile of your heavenly Father.

COURAGE AND COWARDICE.

JOHN ALLDAY and Joseph Freeth had a quarrel when they were at school together, and some of their more wicked playmates tried hard to get up a battle between them. Allday was ready enough to pull off his jacket, and to set to at once; but Freeth would not fight.

Somehow or other their teacher heard of

the affair, so he took Allday to task. "Tell me, John," said he, "why you want to fight with Freeth."

"Because, sir," replied Allday, "the boys will call me a coward if I refuse."

"Oh! oh!" said the teacher, "and so you had rather do wrong than be called a coward; John, I am ashamed of you."

The teacher next questioned Freeth. "Joseph," said he, "what reason have you for not fighting with Allday?"

"I have many reasons, sir," replied Joseph.

"Then let me have them all," said the teacher, "that I may judge what they are worth."

"In the first place, sir," said Freeth, "if I were to fight Allday, I should hurt him—I know I should, and I do not want to hurt him."

"Very good," said the teacher.

"In the next place, sir, if I did not hurt him, he would be sure to hurt me."

"No doubt of it," said the teacher.

"And then, sir, I had rather be called a coward, than do that which I know to be wrong."

"Very good again," said the teacher.

"And lastly, sir, to fight with one another is not only against the rules of the school, but also against the commands of our Saviour, who has told us to love and forgive one another. The text last Sabbath morning was, 'Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malice; and be kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you.' Eph. iv. 31, 32."

The teacher commended Joseph Freeth for the prudent answer he had given, and hoped he would be able always to act up to his principles. "In my opinion," said he, "you have shown more true courage in declining to fight, than you would have done in fighting with Allday, even had you won the victory."

About a week after the quarrel which

had taken place, the cottage of poor old Margery Jenkins, by some accident or other, took fire. Margery made her escape, and her daughter was absent from home, but an infant grand-daughter was sleeping in a little cot upstairs, while the flames were rising to the stairs. At this time there were present several of the school-boys, and one of them boldly dashed through the fire and smoke, made his way up the narrow stair-case, dropped the child through the window into the arms of a man who stood ready to receive it, and then made his own escape to the ground.

But who was the boy who thus showed his bravery, and saved the life of a child? Was it the brave Allday, who was so forward to fight? No, it was Joseph Freeth—he who by many had been called a coward. This kind and daring act of his raised him in the minds of all, and no one any longer called his courage in question.

The following day, some of the school-boys went to bathe in the river, and Allday

and Freeth were among them. Allday, who could not swim, soon got out of his depth, and would no doubt have been drowned, had not Freeth, who was a good swimmer, plunged headlong from the bank to his rescue. Seizing hold of the arm of his drowning companion, he dragged him to land.

If the affair of the fire had shown the calm courage of Joseph Freeth, this of the water went still further to convince the minds of his playmates.

On the return of Joseph Freeth to the school-room, all the boys received him with upraised hands. "Let the conduct of Joseph Freeth," said the teacher, when a short time after speaking to the boys, "be an example to you, so that you may be able to distinguish between idle boasting and true courage. Joseph Freeth has proved himself worthy, by going through fire and through water for the benefit of others. Remember that he who dares do what is right, though it draws down upon him an

ill name, is truly courageous ; while he who is afraid to pursue an upright course, lest those around should mock him, must be in his heart a coward."

A CHAPTER ON BOYS.

"How the race of boys has changed since I was one of them!" was the involuntary exclamation of an old gentleman, as he sat resting his hands upon a silver-headed cane before him. His own silvery head bore witness of the many years that had passed over it, but his keen black eyes gave no symptom that time had diminished the strength of mind or clear-sighted judgment that had always distinguished him.

"What makes the difference, uncle?" was the quick rejoinder of a young mother who sat near him plying her busy needle.

Like all young mothers, she was particularly sensitive on the subject of her children, and quite reluctant to admit any

comparison to their disadvantage. She would fain regard hers as model boys, a great improvement upon past generations, and yet she honoured the opinions of her guest, and wished to have his approbation. A few moments since, and her three boys had made their presence sensibly felt in that now quiet room. Had you looked in then, you would have seen the eldest, a boy of thirteen, with his hands upon his mother's shoulder, reading from an open letter she held before her, while he made his comments in no gentle tone; the second son, in the centre of the room, snapping the long lash of a whip, to the very imminent danger of sundry vases and mantel ornaments; while the youngest of the three stood at the half-open door beating a loud tattoo, occasionally interrupting himself to say, "Boys, do come, I tell you the *governor* is waiting for us; [a respectful term applied to his father;] he says we must be there soon, or we shall have to walk instead of riding."

These discordant sounds had not been quite unheeded, even by the fond mother. More than once she had put down her letter and said, "Don't, Georgy, don't snap that whip; go, Charles, don't you hear your father is waiting for you?" but until they were quite ready, the youngsters did not move.

No wonder that Mr. Elliot sighed when he thought of the days when he was young, when children loved none the less, but revered and honoured their parents more; at least such was his experience.

"Well, Margaret," he said, "if you really want to know the difference between boys now and twenty years ago, I think I can tell you.

"I was one of a large family, six of whom were boys, and a happier brotherhood seldom lived beneath the parental roof.

"My father, I remember him well, as he looked to me in my childhood, and for the many years that followed, tall and stately, with a quiet dignity of manner that com-

manded respect, while it never overawed us. And my mother, blessings on her gentle eye and tender heart! was regarded by her husband and every one of her children as something more angelic than human.

"When she entered the room, no matter whether at study or play, we arose to wait upon her, to place a chair for her, anticipating her wishes, while the angry tone or the loud voice of mirth was hushed in her presence. We vied with each other to be the first to obey, only too proud and happy to receive her commendation in return.

"But with all the love and affection which she freely poured out from her full heart, there was never any of the familiarity of the present day, that so soon breeds contempt."

"Oh, but uncle," said the lady, "you were uncommon children, or perhaps were kept in dread of your father's displeasure."

"No," replied Mr. Elliot, "we were much like other children, and fear was not the governing principle. We did not, to be

sure, treat my father like 'hail fellow! well met!' nor speak of him as 'governor,' nor 'the old man.' We did not need to be asked to vacate his favourite chair when he entered the room, nor did we interrupt him while he was speaking.

"At table we were not accustomed to monopolize the conversation, making our parents very grateful for a chance to say a few words. We were taught that silence was a virtue, and in the presence of age we were rather to listen than to instruct.

"Yet there was no irksome bondage with us, whatever there might have been in other families; we were permitted and encouraged to speak freely our thoughts and wishes in the proper time and place.

"We were early accustomed to obey; my father believing that if children did not obey their earthly parents, neither would they their Father in heaven; that he was to us a type of our spiritual Parent; and that by receiving with childlike submission the precepts he taught us, we were prepared to listen to the commandments of God.

"He did not ask our advice, or fear our displeasure, nor did he regard our obedience as a personal favour. We never informed him that his opinions were behind the age, and that he was bound to change them to suit the times. At table we were not accustomed to discuss the merits of various dishes, or pronounce our judgment upon them. We were not encouraged to become epicures, but could eat what was placed before us, or leave it if we liked. Am I too severe, Margaret? Do I make too free use of my powers of observation?"

"No, uncle, no. I feel condemned, but it is not my fault altogether. My husband says he wishes his boys to be companions; he likes to see them have 'some spirit' and a 'mind of their own.'"

That is the spirit of the times; you will see it everywhere; our country is new, our institutions new; what is old is despised—age is no longer revered. It is the future alone that is deemed worthy of regard, and children are consulted, while the experiences of years are passed by unheeded.

The want of reverence seems to be one of the sins of the day; children are taught no longer to say Sir and Madam: such courtesies do not agree with the spirit of our free institutions. Men and women in their prime, in the full use of the faculties which God has given them, are pronounced in their dotage. The hurried, onward progress of youth finds no time to lend an arm to guide the feeble step, to listen to the voice of experience, or to cheer the declining years of age.

A few days since I was on my way hither from a distant city, and took my seat in the rail-car. Presently a mother and son entered the vacant seat before me. Their dress, so far as it was any indication, showed them to belong to the higher walks of life, but the manners of the youth were anything rather than well bred.

He was regaling himself with nuts, and from time to time threw the empty shells past his mother's face, through the window beyond her, notwithstanding her remon-

stances. Having exhausted this kind of amusement, he began to whistle. An hour or so later, when the cars stopped for a moment, he turned to his mother and said, "Come, mother, you have had the best seat long enough; it's my turn now." To my surprise and indignation, she immediately complied with his wishes, with a smile that seemed to say it was delightful to gratify him. Foolish mother, I thought, you will live to rue such weakness.

It was but yesterday I heard a mother say of her son, a boy of twelve years, that he had such excellent judgment she always consulted him before taking any important step, and if she acted contrary to his advice she was sure to regret it.

Literally, the child is father to the man.

My own white hairs are no security to me that I shall be unmolested. As I pass through the streets, the sons of gentlemen, urchins not yet in their teens, bid me get out of their way or I shall have a snow-ball as the penalty, and really execute their threat.

But why multiply instances; you see enough of this to verify my words, and you know I am no enemy to children. Let me urge you to exert your influence to secure the respect as well as the love of your boys, and you will find it better for them and greatly for your happiness. An engagement waits for me, and I must say adieu.

"HE SAID HE WOULD."

"PLEASE don't shut the shutters, mother—the moon is so bright," said little Willie Angus; adding, as he moved uneasily on the sofa, "It's a nice night for him to come."

"Who is coming, dear?" asked his mother.

"Mr. Ellis, to be sure, mother. It's Saturday, and that's the last day of the week."

"But why did you think he would come this week, Willie?"

"He said he would, mother."

This was said as if it would make his

mother as sure as himself; and then, half closing his eyes, Willie lay intently listening to the passing footsteps, his cheek flushing as one after another seemed to stop at their house. But, unfortunately, a passage leading to many other houses went close by the door of theirs, and one by one the sound of footsteps died away, and none came to their door.

Poor Willie had had a long illness, which he had borne very patiently, and he was quite aware that there was no chance of his ever getting better. His greatest pleasure was in being read to; but, unhappily, his mother had never been well taught, and, though every thing else she did for him was the best and pleasantest, she was quite aware that he derived no pleasure from her reading, and she was therefore always glad to get some one to read to him. A young lady, his former Sunday-school teacher, used to come two or three times a week, but she had now been ill herself for several weeks, and this Mr. Ellis, having called accidentally to speak to his mother about some sewing, had

been pleased with the child, and had been in several times to read to him. His voice was a very musical one, and Willie's quick ear was fully alive to the beauty of his reading, though he could not perhaps have told why he enjoyed it more than that of any one else. This evening, as he lay listening, he held tightly in his hand a little book of poems, with his finger in the place where his favourite was—"Charlie and his father."

Eight o'clock struck. Willie turned away his head from the bright moon, and, as he shut his eyes, his watchful mother saw a tear escape on the pillow. He had given up hope for this night; and more, and worse than that for his little loving heart, he had learned that he must not trust implicitly in what "he said."

For another week the little invalid watched every evening between seven and eight for his friend. He said nothing. He could not bear to reproach him, and it would have been far worse to hear him reproached by his mother. He kept the book

under his pillow instead of in his hand, and each night, as eight o'clock struck, he gave up the hope.

But this constant, restless expectation was bad for the child. His mother saw that he became feverish toward evening, and did not sleep so well; so, having finished part of the work for Mr. Ellis, she determined to take it home herself, and see him if she could. He came to speak to her, and inquired kindly after her little boy. She would not lose such a good opportunity, and said he was not so well, and that he had been much disappointed at not having seen Mr. Ellis.

"Poor little fellow! I will come some day soon," he said.

"Some day soon," repeated Mrs. Angus to herself, as she went home. "When will that be, I wonder? Poor Willie!"

Anxiously were her poor boy's eyes fixed upon her as she came in, for he knew where she had been.

"He asked very kindly after you, dear," said his mother, answering the look.

"Did he say he was coming?"

"Yes, he said he would come some day soon."

Willie's eyes brightened. He had not yet learned how easily promises are made, and how heedlessly they are broken.

A week passed—another was nearly at its close—and the mother saw that her child's life was ebbing away fast. The medical man said that he had not many days to live, and must be kept as quiet and happy as he could. She could not quite understand the fascination which Mr. Ellis appeared to have had over the boy, but she knew that he was constantly in his thoughts, and she was determined, if possible, to bring him. Again she went, and found him as kind in manner as before.

"Worse, is he? Poor little lad! I must come soon."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Mrs. Angus; "but there is nothing but your coming that will do him any good. He has been looking for you ever since I came here last, when you said you would come soon."

"Did I? I forgot. Poor child! I will go with you."

He put on his hat, and accompanied her home. She went in first, to tell Willie who was coming. He did not say a word, but stretched out both his hands, pressed his friend's hand to his hot lips, and then slipped his favourite book into it. The book opened at the usual place, and how Willie's ears and heart drank in the low music of the words—

"Father, when people die,
Will they come back in May?"
Tears were in Charlie's eyes—
"Will they, dear father? Say."

"No, they will never come;
We go to them, my boy—
There, in our heavenly home,
To meet in endless joy."

When this was read, Willie did not, as usual, ask for another, but keeping Mr. Ellis's hand, he looked at his mother, and said, as if hardly conscious of his presence, "It was long to me, but it was soon to him. *He said*

he would, mother—" and in a few minutes his hand relaxed, and he slept more quietly than he had done for many nights.

What a world of gratified trust in those few words! How the little loving heart had been wounded when it thought its friend had forgotten, and how sweet the feeling that, after all, the intention had been fulfilled!

The words sank deep in the listener's heart, and he resolved that for the future he would be more watchful in keeping his promises. Would all do so, how many a weary hour of disappointment would be saved to young and old!

Not many days did Willie's gentle spirit linger here; but no day passed without a visit from Mr. Ellis, and the boy passed from life to death as he listened to the words—"In my father's house are many mansions: if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."

Dear young friends, is there no one that you can make happier by giving up a little

of your time? No sick playfellow whom you might cheer? Never mind the cold and wet. Kind feeling will shed a warm glow over your heart.

HARRY WILBUR'S WISH.

"MOTHER! can't I do something?" said little Harry Wilbur, as he sat one cold, stormy evening during the holidays, looking straight into the bright coal fire, which glowed in the little grate stove in his mother's sitting-room. It was a pleasant, cheerful room; a soft warm carpet covered the floor. The curtains which hung in heavy folds over the windows, kept out every breath of cold air; a little work-table was drawn in front of the fire, at which his mother, in her low sewing-chair, sat, finishing a garment for Harry.

"Can't I do something?" You would have wondered if you could have seen the

serious, puzzled look on his sweet, childish face, as he asked this question.

Harry, who was an only child, was accustomed to being much alone with his mother, in the evening; for his father seldom left business until after his bed-time. Now, Harry often made himself useful to his mother in various little ways, sometimes winding up the spools of cotton in her basket, or holding a skein of silk for her to wind; but his great delight was to get an old garment and rip the seams; and he really thought, at such times, that he was doing a very important work, "Saving time for mother," as he called it.

His father was not rich; but what did Harry know about that? He had never known a real want in his life. A pleasant, happy home, a father and mother to love him better than anything else in the world; and Fido, who now sat with his nose laid affectionately on his knee, as if pleading to be noticed, for a pet; what more could a reasonable boy want?

It had been a bitter cold day. The thermometer had stood below zero all day ; and now the wind whistled down the chimney, and round the corners of the house, drifting the feathery flakes into every crack and crevice. Oh ! it was a fearful night for the poor, the cold, the hungry, and the homeless ; but what had this to do with little Harry's question ? Well ! I will tell you ; you might have seen him early that morning, nicely equipped, with his warm overcoat buttoned up close to his throat, his tippet tied over his ears and mouth, and his cap drawn down over all, leaving only his bright blue eyes for Jack Frost to attack, and his hands encased in a pair of bright red mittens, watching his mother, as she put up a basket of provisions for Mrs. Moore, a poor woman, whose husband had died of consumption a few months before, leaving her in feeble health, and four children to support.

"Mother, don't you think they have had any breakfast yet ?" asked Harry, as he saw various articles of cooked food stowed away in the basket.

"No! my child; papa went to see them last night, and found Mrs. Moore quite sick, with nothing to eat, and no coal, and no money to buy any with." Mrs. Wilbur's voice trembled as she said this, for she looked on her own bright boy; and the thought that he might ever know such want and suffering, sent a pang to her mother's heart, and from that heart went up a silent, earnest prayer for the widow and the fatherless.

"Mother, do they love God?" said Harry, softly.

"Yes! I trust they do;" said his mother. "Mrs. Moore is one of God's children, and has taught her own children to love and fear him; but why did you ask, Harry?"

"I don't know," said the little boy, hesitating, "but I'm afraid I shouldn't love him *much* if he took dear papa away, and made you sick, and gave us nothing to eat, or to keep us warm."

Harry's mother had taught him that he ought to love God for all his goodness to

him, and she looked somewhat troubled as he said this. At length she said, "But God is doing many things for Mrs. Moore. You will understand this better when you are older. Another time, I will talk with you about it; but now the basket is ready, make haste and bring your sled, for this is too heavy for such a little fellow to carry."

This sled was Harry's special pride; it was a Christmas gift from his father; he called it Jenny Lind, and had the name painted in bright letters on the top.

"Now, Jenny," said he, "sit still and take this big basket right in your lap, and we will see who will give poor Mrs. Moore her breakfast first; and you Fido! for shame! to be smelling your neighbour's breakfast! she is your neighbour as well as mine, I suppose." His mother smiled, and he whistled away, while she tied the basket firmly on. It was well filled with substantial food for the children, a few delicacies for the mother, and a bundle of warm clothing.

"And here, Harry, take this, and put it

in your pocket, and be sure and not lose it. Tell Mrs. Moore, it is an order for half a ton of coal; she must send her little boy round to Mr. Munson's with it. And tell her, when she is better, I will try and get some sewing for her; do you think you can remember all this?"

"Oh yes!" said Harry; who had been listening attentively. And away he started, with Fido now leaping by the side of him, now bounding in front of him, and the next moment almost lost in a drift of the light feathery snow.

"Well! my boy, how did you find Mrs. Moore?" said his mother, as she rubbed his little red fingers, and laid his cold cheek against hers, while he could hardly keep back the tears; his toes "did ache so."

"Oh! mother," his cold toes and fingers quite forgotten, "if you could only have seen how glad she was! She said God was so good to her, just then, when she thought she must starve or freeze. And I thought, mother," lowering his voice, "I *did* see how

God did *some* things for her. She told the children that their heavenly Father had sent them some breakfast, and they all looked *so* glad and hungry ! It almost made me cry, I was so glad you thought to send those things to them ; I suppose God put it into your heart. You know you told me God put all good thoughts into our hearts, and that's the way he sent them, isn't it, mother ?"

A tear dropped on the fair boy's head, and Mrs. Wilbur felt that her child had learned a lesson that morning no words of hers could have taught him.

Harry soon forgot the touch of the heart-ache which the sight of Mrs. Moore's poverty had given him ; and the day passed quickly away—as quickly as all boys' holidays pass ; but now, as he heard the snow beat against the windows, and the wind howling so wildly, he saw that cold, cheerless room, and those shivering, hungry children ; and oh, how he longed to be a man ! then *he* would buy a house for them, and it should have a warm, pleasant room in it,

just like the one he was sitting in ; it should have a little work-table in it, and a nice fire, and Mrs. Moore should sit by it, and make warm clothes for *her* children. Then he wished he had a brother, to whom he might tell all these plans ; but then, he was only a little boy ; what could he do ? and he looked very hopeless, as he said, "Can't *I* do something ?"

"What do you wish to do, Harry ?"

"I don't know, but I should like to do something ; I wish I could earn some money. Can't you give me something to do ?" he said, in a tone which showed he expected help or sympathy.

"Earn money ! why Harry, don't you have all you want ? I hope my little boy isn't going to be too fond of money."

The little fellow's eyes filled with tears ; his mother had not quite understood him. His heart was full, and he did not know how to tell all that was passing there.

"It isn't that, mother," said he, striving to keep back a sob which was choking him, "it

isn't that, but I should like to do some good; can't you give me something to rip, or a stocking to ravel."

His mother smiled at his childish practical idea of doing "some good," while her heart was touched by the humility of his tone, and the look of utter inability to do more, which accompanied it. She understood his difficulty, and drawing him to her put both arms round him, and kissed him until the bright smiles were shining all over his face. She told him, if he really wished to do good, God would always show the way, even to a little boy like him; that kind and gentle words, and generous actions were often better than all the gold in the world. He then kneeled down by her side, to say his usual evening prayer, and remaining a moment on his knees after he had finished, said, as he rose, "Mother, I asked God to take care of Mrs. Moore's little children to-night, *it is so cold.*"

God bless you! little Harry, and keep your heart ever warm and gentle as it now

is. Why are not children always made the almoners of our bounty? We may thus sow in their tender hearts, the seeds of kindness and sympathy with the sorrowing, suffering creatures of God, which shall spring up in after years, bearing a rich harvest wherewith to bless humanity.

FRANK JERRARD,

OR WHAT ARE WARNINGS?

"God always warns before he strikes."

"I SHOULD like very much to know what that *means*," said a little girl to her teacher, one day, after she had met with the expression in a book.

"I will tell you a story which I think will explain it to you," was the reply; "but, as I am doing so, let your heart be rising to that God whose Spirit alone giveth understanding, that he may enable you to learn some useful lesson by it; and then, neither

your time nor mine will have been spent in vain."

James and Francis Jerrard were sons of a gentleman farmer. The former was a good and dutiful boy, the latter quite the reverse of this: and his unruly and reckless conduct was the source of great trouble and unhappiness to his parents. The two boys were both attendants at one of the Sabbath-schools in the neighbourhood; for, though Mr. and Mrs. Jerrard's circumstances enabled them to give their children excellent educations, they wished them to take their places regularly in the Sabbath-school, that they might partake of the religious instruction which was imparted there. One Sabbath afternoon, the superintendent of the school, while addressing the children, and explaining to them the forbearing love and tenderness of God, made use of the expression which you, Margaret, have just named, "God always warns before he strikes." James and Francis Jerrard were sitting together in their class when the superintendent said this; James was listening,

as he generally did, very attentively, and every now and then he was asking God to help him to remember, and make a right use of what he heard; what wonder was it, that the words he listened to in that sweet and prayerful spirit, descended like the dew of heaven upon his heart, diffusing a blessed and holy influence! "I am the Lord thy God, that teacheth thee to profit," (Isaiah xlvi. 17,) saith the Almighty; and James Jerrard was indeed being taught of God.

Francis had his thoughts occupied in a very different manner, and was, according to his usual custom, contriving all manner of mischief as he sat there, and endeavouring in every possible way to make all the boys near him as bad as himself. While this reckless boy was thus endeavouring to destroy the good effects of the afternoon's teaching, he happened to hear the words already named, "God always warns before he strikes." "Ah!" thought he, "this is capital news! I am often told of God's judgments on Sabbath-breakers; but now

I find I need not mind that, because he has never warned *me* : that is famous news!" and then, instead of listening to the remainder of the address, which would have explained the true meaning of the words to him, he began contriving a new plan of mischief, which, however, he determined to keep from his brother's knowledge, knowing well that he would never become a party to it.

During the next week both Mr. and Mrs. Jerrard were under the necessity of going from home for a few days, leaving their family under the care of an aged relative, who resided with them. "Now then," thought Francis, when Sabbath morning came, "this is the time for my fishing plan: no tire-some school for me to-day; I'll have a day's pleasure."

It was yet early; but as soon as breakfast was over, he slipped out of the house by the back door, and set off in the direction of the river. The country all round Mr. Jerrard's residence was very hilly, in many places it was richly wooded, and

the appearance of it was exceedingly beautiful; varied and lovely landscapes were seen in every direction, and on this sweet Sabbath morning, it seemed as if all nature was rejoicing beneath the loving smile of God.

Away went Francis Jerrard, dressed in his best clothes; and if it had not been for the sad recklessness that was manifest in his countenance, and the bundle which he carried in his hand, few would have thought that the clean, well-dressed boy was setting out from his home with the determined resolution of being a Sabbath-breaker; but so it was.

"I must go by the plantation," thought he, after he had walked some distance from his own house; "for Tom Dixon lives there, and it's part of my plan to take him with me." Away he went, therefore, in the direction of the plantation, which looked bright and beautiful in the rays of the morning sun, for there was just breeze enough to keep the young foliage in motion; and the leaves trembled, and gleamed, as the zephyrs swept past them.

In a few minutes he reached the white cottage where Dixon dwelt.

"Is Tom at home?" asked he, of the little girl who opened the door.

"No, Master Frank," replied the sister of the boy inquired for, "he has gone to school."

"It's not time yet; what was the use of him going so soon?" asked Frank in a tone of vexation.

"He said he was always too late," replied the child, "and he said he *would* try to-day to be there in time."

"He has missed a rare treat, then, I can tell him," muttered Frank Jerrard, and he turned rudely from the door. Again he set forward on his walk, but all the mischievous propensities of his heart were showing themselves as he went along; if it was but a dog or a donkey that passed him, he either flung a stone, or aimed a blow at it with a stick; and the very songs of the birds that were warbling above head, made him wish that he were a man, that he might get a gun and

destroy them ; oh ! how little was there of the sweet spirit of the Sabbath-day in *his* heart ! At last he came in sight of the river, on which he was wickedly purposing to spend that Sabbath-day in fishing. It was flowing along in calm and placid beauty round the foot of a precipitous steep, on which he stood for a moment or two to gaze down upon it.

"It is a glorious morning for my scheme," thought he ; "but it is terribly vexing that Tom is not here. I shall not have half the fun I expected, for want of a companion, and all through him going so soon to that tiresome school."

It was indeed a glorious morning ; but as he took the way that led by a circuitous winding down to the river-side, it was sad to think that, amid all those scenes of beauty that lay round him, the heart of this mistaken boy was only bent on breaking the commands of that God, who had made the world he dwelt in so beautiful ; how truthful are the words of Scripture, when it speaks

of the "*desperate*" wickedness of the human heart!

After Francis had reached the river, he had to take his course along its side till he reached a particular winding of it at which the boat he was in search of was generally kept moored. He could not see this turn in the stream, for the rocky projections of the high land that rose loftily from the beautiful valley through which it flowed; and he felt rather afraid that the boat might be moored, as it sometimes was, at the other side of the stream; but it was not so, and in a few minutes he not only saw it, but had reached the place where it was lying. Mounting a rock close by, he threw his bundle, containing his fishing lines and his dinner, into the boat, and then with little difficulty jumped in after it. But now an obstacle arose, upon which he had not calculated, and that was, that the boat was moored so securely to the rock, that it defied all his efforts to undo the fastenings. Vexed and disappointed, he strove again and again to undo them, till his

hands were quite sore with the rough, rusty chain.

"It is too bad to be disappointed in this way," exclaimed he, giving way to a burst of passion; "it is too bad to be disappointed just when I thought I had got everything right." He jumped up, and, leaning incautiously over the side, the boat gave a sudden lurch, and in a moment he was precipitated into the deep water. There was a dreadful rushing in his ears as he went down, and the water closed over him; but he rose again to the surface, and in agony of terror strove to regain the boat. Struggling and plunging wildly in the water, he was confused and blinded by it, and his efforts to get near the boat were vain. Again he sank, and again rose to the surface of the now turbid and troubled stream; at last his right hand struck against something; he made a wild grasp at, and caught hold of it; it was the stern of the vessel, and the next moment, with both hands he was clinging desperately to it. The water was too deep for him to have any

footing, and the rapid course of the stream threatened to sweep him away from his place of refuge; his hands seemed numbed, his head was bewildered, and every moment he was afraid he should lose his hold and sink. Now, all his sinful disobedience, both to his parents and his God, seemed to stare him in the face; and commands that he had often carelessly read, or carelessly heard, came to his mind with such a fearful power as they had never possessed before. "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it *holy*!" seemed spoken in a voice of thunder to his heart; "Children, *obey* your *parents*;" and then, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die!" "Oh!" thought the agonized boy, as sentence after sentence flashed through his mind, "these have all been warnings, and I have disregarded them; if I am drowned now, the words of my teacher will still be true, 'God never strikes before he warns.'" Again he struggled to get into the boat, but, light and buoyant in the water, it slipped away from him. He felt that his danger was increasing

every moment, and the sound of the Sabbath bells, which now floated sweetly over the morning air, added to his distress; reminding him, that, but for his own misconduct, he might have been safe and happy with his brother, instead of being there struggling in the water, with no one to give a hand to him to save his life. Hot tears gushed from his eyes as he thought of James, and his father and mother, and with an impassioned prayer for help from God, he collected all his remaining strength, and made one effort more to throw himself into the boat. That effort was successful; but, stunned and stupefied, he lay for some time within it unable to move. At last, the shivering coldness which began to seize him, warned him of the danger of remaining in his wet clothes.

"Oh! I wish I was at home again," thought he, as at last he succeeded in getting on to the land again, and slowly and sadly began his walk along the river side. There was another path leading to the top of the cliffs,

beside the broad carriage one by which he had descended. It was narrower and steeper; but though he knew his parents did not wish him ever to go by that way, on account of the dangerous nature of the ground in some places, he thought he would go by it this time, because it was both a shorter and a more private road. It was a very beautiful and romantic pathway, winding amongst jutting rocks and overhanging brushwood, while here and there little clumps of forest trees reared themselves loftily from the rugged steeps. The prospects from it were splendid; the air was sweet and fragrant with the early summer flowers; the birds were singing in the branches, and up in the clear, bright sky; while now and then the sound of the distant Sabbath bells still came floating to the ear; but nothing could give any feeling of happiness to the heart of Francis; for wearied, dispirited, and shivering, he only felt anxious to reach his home. When more than half-way up the ascent, he came to the borders of the plantation, at the

upper side of which Dixon's cottage was situated. The path he had taken wound round the foot of this plantation, and just as he was passing it, he spied a squirrel on one of the topmost branches of the trees. Something of his old spirit of mischief came over Frank Jerrard while he looked at it, as, nimbly and gracefully, the little agile creature kept skipping from bough to bough, its tiny form showing beautifully among the slender branches and bright young foliage of the trees. Frank took up a stone and threw at it, and another and another followed; but still the little squirrel bounded fearlessly from branch to branch. The little boy looked round to see if he could not get a stick to fling at it, and seeing a piece of a broken branch at a little distance, he went to get it. It would have been better for him if, penitent for his past misdeeds, he had gone home quietly, without trying to hurt any other of God's creatures; but his habits of mischief were inveterate and strong. He got hold of the broken branch, and was just

twisting off the few withered leaves that remained upon it, when the ground beneath him slipped ; he strove, but in vain, to regain a firm footing ; it slipped again, and at last both it and the portion of rocky cliff on which it was resting, fell with a loud and horrid crash, carrying him along with it to the bottom ; and the next minute he was lying among the rocky fragments, an insensible and disfigured boy.

No human being was there to witness the accident,—no one came there for some hours after it occurred ; and when he was found at last by a man who was passing that way, the wretched boy was still lying on the place to which he had been so suddenly and awfully precipitated. With some difficulty he was recognized, and was conveyed to his home, a sad proof of the lamentable effects of disobedience and Sabbath-breaking. He had gone out that morning in the full flush of health, a fine, blooming-looking, vigorous boy ; he was now borne back again, insensible and wounded, with his face frightfully

disfigured with the jagged rocks amongst which he had fallen.

The return of his parents, who were immediately sent for, was a sad and afflictive one. The accident itself was distressing, but the knowledge that it had been brought upon their child by his wicked disobedience both to their own and God's commands, added the bitterest sting to their sorrow.

For a long time Frank's life remained in great danger; for, in addition to the injuries which he got by his fall, his having remained for so great a length of time in his wet clothes brought on a fever. The wounds on his face were healed, but the scars remained, threatening to disfigure his countenance for life. But, notwithstanding all this, his parents felt they had cause for the deepest gratitude to God. Their child had not been cut off in his iniquity, as he might have been; and though now a maimed and disfigured boy, they had reason to think the awful lesson he had had, was being made a blessing to his heart. Instead of his former

wilful spirit, he now showed a patient and teachable one, and was evidently striving, as far as he could, to atone for his formerly having so deeply grieved them.

"Mother," said he one day to Mrs. Jerrard, who was sitting by him, as he lay upon the sofa, with his Bible by him, "are not all the commands of God about disobedience and Sabbath-breaking that are written here, '*warnings*' to us?"

"Yes, Francis," replied Mrs. Jerrard, "certainly they are."

"Then even if I had been killed, and had had no other warnings, the words of my teacher, 'God always warns before he strikes,' would have been true?"

"Yes," replied the lady, "quite true, even with respect to you, Frank."

"But, besides these, you know, mother, I had a great many other warnings which I did not then think of, both from papa and you, and my teachers; and even James, though so little older than myself, often warned me of what my bad behaviour was

sure in some way or other to bring upon me. And yet, because God had not spoken to me by some *dreadful voice*, I fancied I had had no warnings; but now I see it was far otherwise."

"It is a mercy that you do see this, my boy," said Mrs. Jerrard, "and you must pray to God earnestly to pardon your past sinfulness, for Christ's sake, and to give you a new and holy heart,* that by his Spirit dwelling in it, you may become as earnest in everything that is good, as once you were in that which was sinful."

"Sometimes," said Frank, "I think that God surely has changed my heart, because now I do not love to think of those things which used to employ my thoughts, even though I knew them to be wrong. But then this book tells me that '*the heart is deceitful above all things*;' so mine, perhaps, may be only pretending to be changed, while all the time it is as wicked as before."

* A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you."—Ezek. xxxvi. 26.

"You must offer the prayer the psalmist offered, Frank," said Mrs. Jerrard, her eyes filling with tears as she listened to her son: "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." Psalm cxxxix. 23, 24.

"I do pray for that every day," said Frank; "for, instead of fearing, as I used to do, that God would look into my heart, and see what I was planning there, I want him to look at it every moment, for fear there should be any wrong thought there that is hid from my own sight."

"I am very thankful to hear this," said the lady; "it is a blessed proof that the Spirit of heaven is purifying our hearts, when we covet to have the eye of God ever upon them."

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed Frank, bursting into a flood of tears, "how was it, that when I was so wicked, God did not permit those great rocks that fell with me to crush me to pieces?"

"He hath no delight in the death of a sinner, but would rather that all would turn from their wickedness and live," said Mrs. Jerrard; "and when we think of our sins, we can only account for God's forbearance by remembering that Christ Jesus is our 'Intercessor' in heaven."

"Ah!" said Frank, "when I was behaving so badly every day, James, who scarcely ever did wrong himself, used to beg of you and papa to forgive me; and now I know that the Saviour has been interceding in the same way for me in heaven, or God in his anger must have destroyed me long ago. He has been pleading for me—

'Let the sinner still alone,
Spare him yet another year.'

Frank's recovery was very slow, but the lessons he learned in his affliction were never forgotten; and he, as well as his brother James, was at length looked upon as a model for excellency and good behaviour in boyhood. He grew up to be a useful and noble-spirited man;—how could it be otherwise,

when the Bible had become the rule of his conduct, and the guide of all his steps in life?

"And now, Margaret," said her teacher, after the story was concluded, "remember this:—There is nothing that will lead us to grieve God, and so bring upon us the strokes of his judgments, which he has not warned us against in his blessed book. He has done this, because he wishes for our happiness, and he *knows* that sin can only lead to sorrow. 'The perverseness of transgressors shall destroy them.'" Prov. xi. 3.

THE END.

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